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HENRY VIII.
TROIUS & CRESSIDA.
CORIOLANUS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
ROMEO & JULIET.



L O N D O N
1878

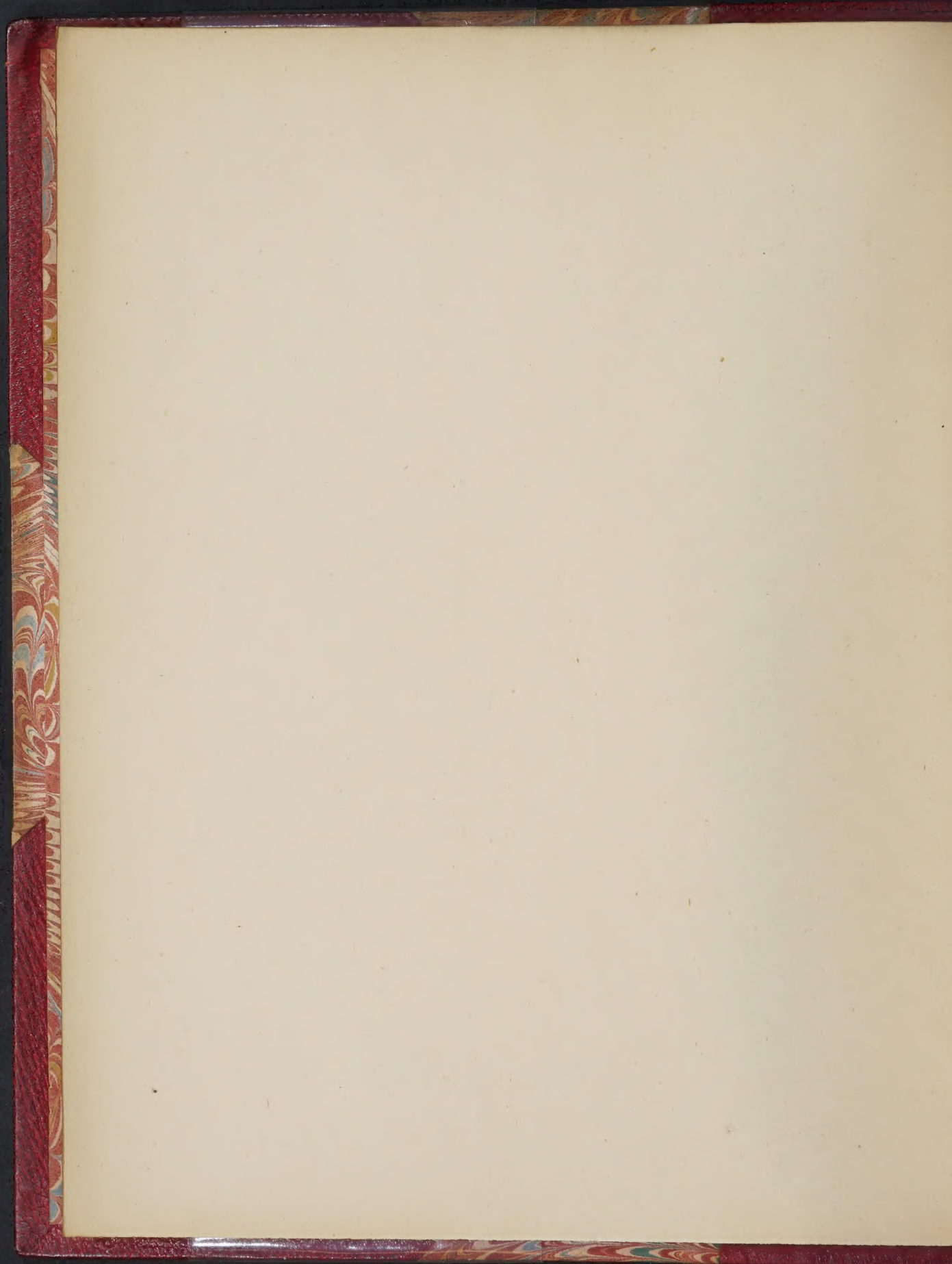




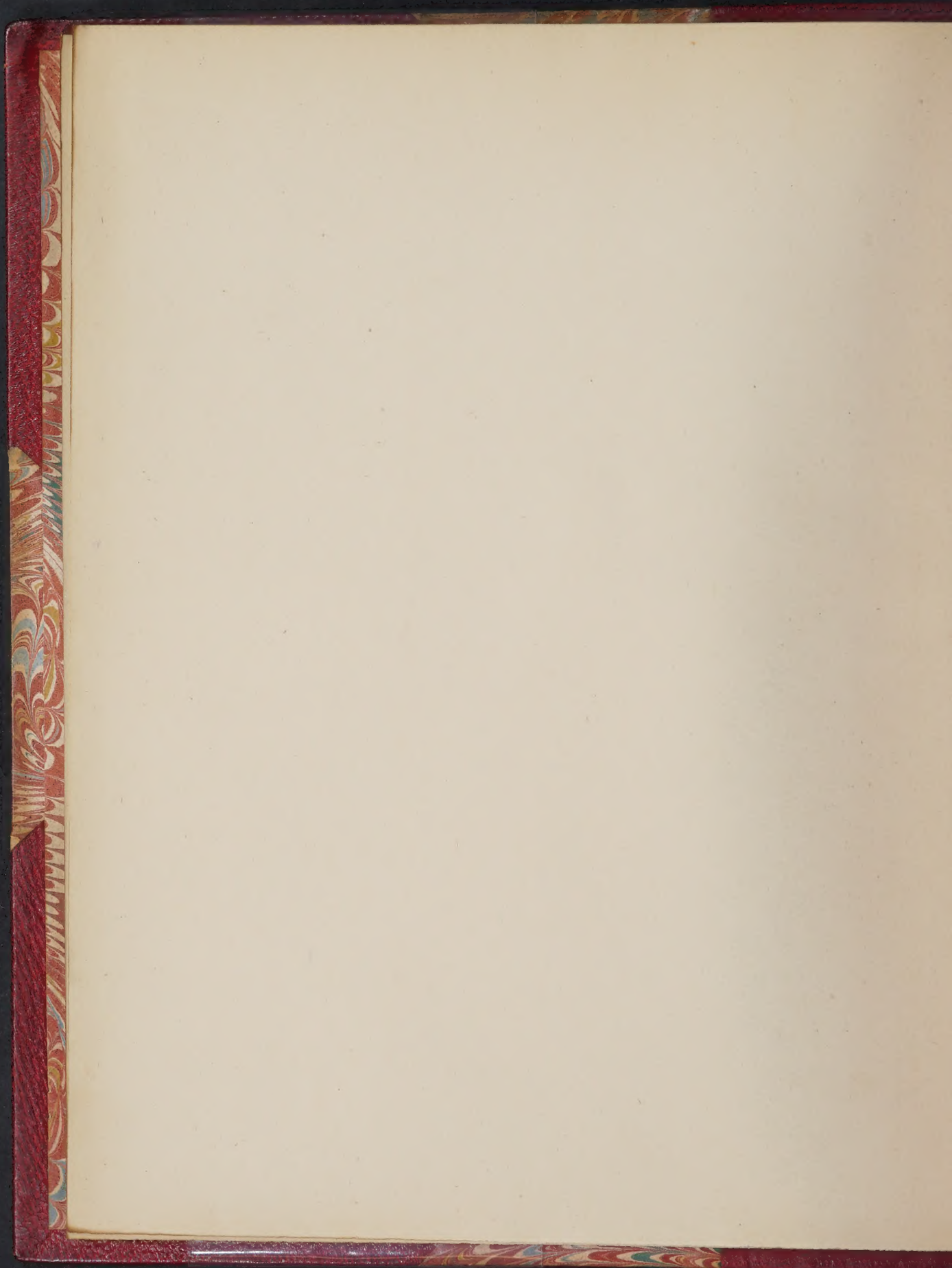








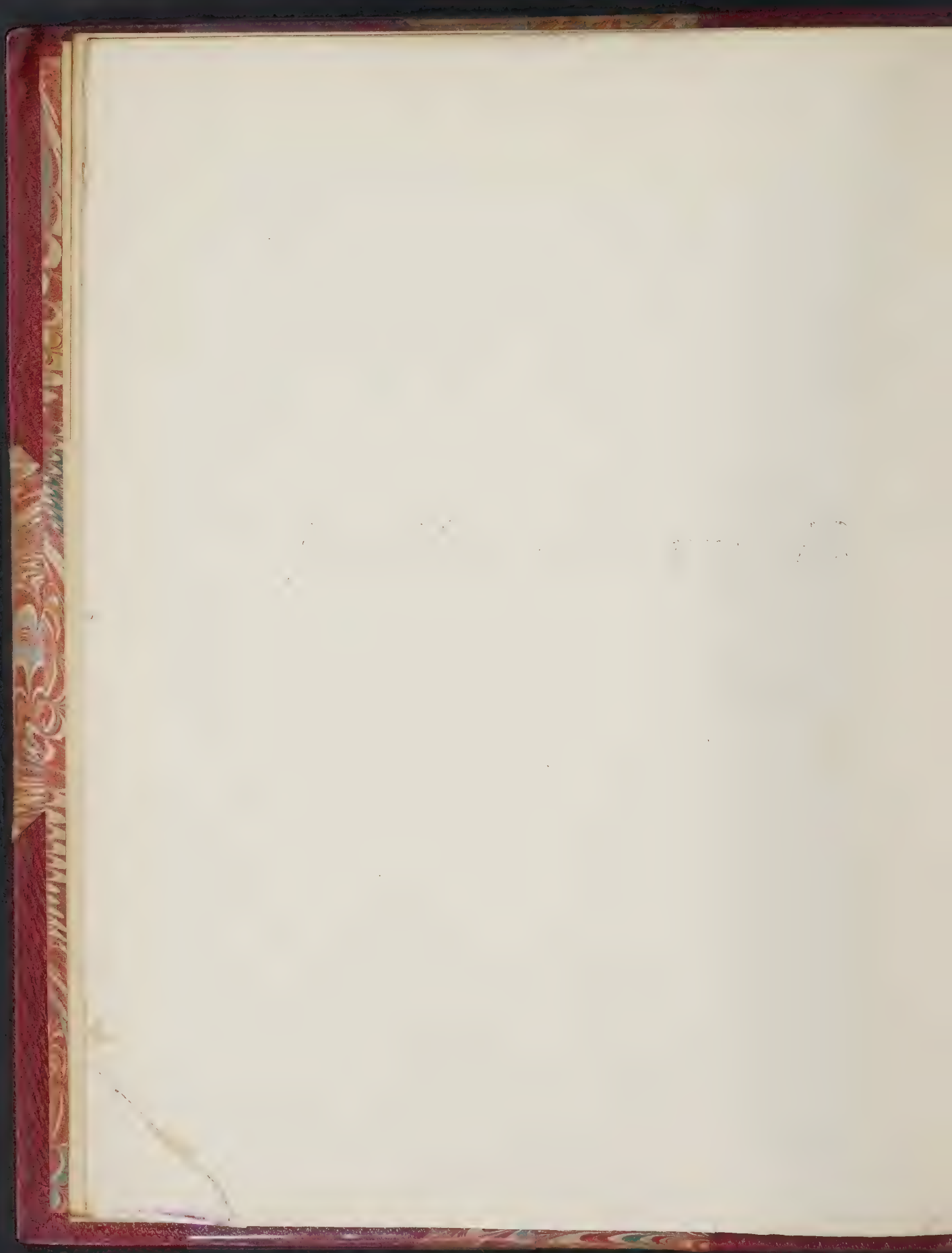
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Henry the Eighth.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.



THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
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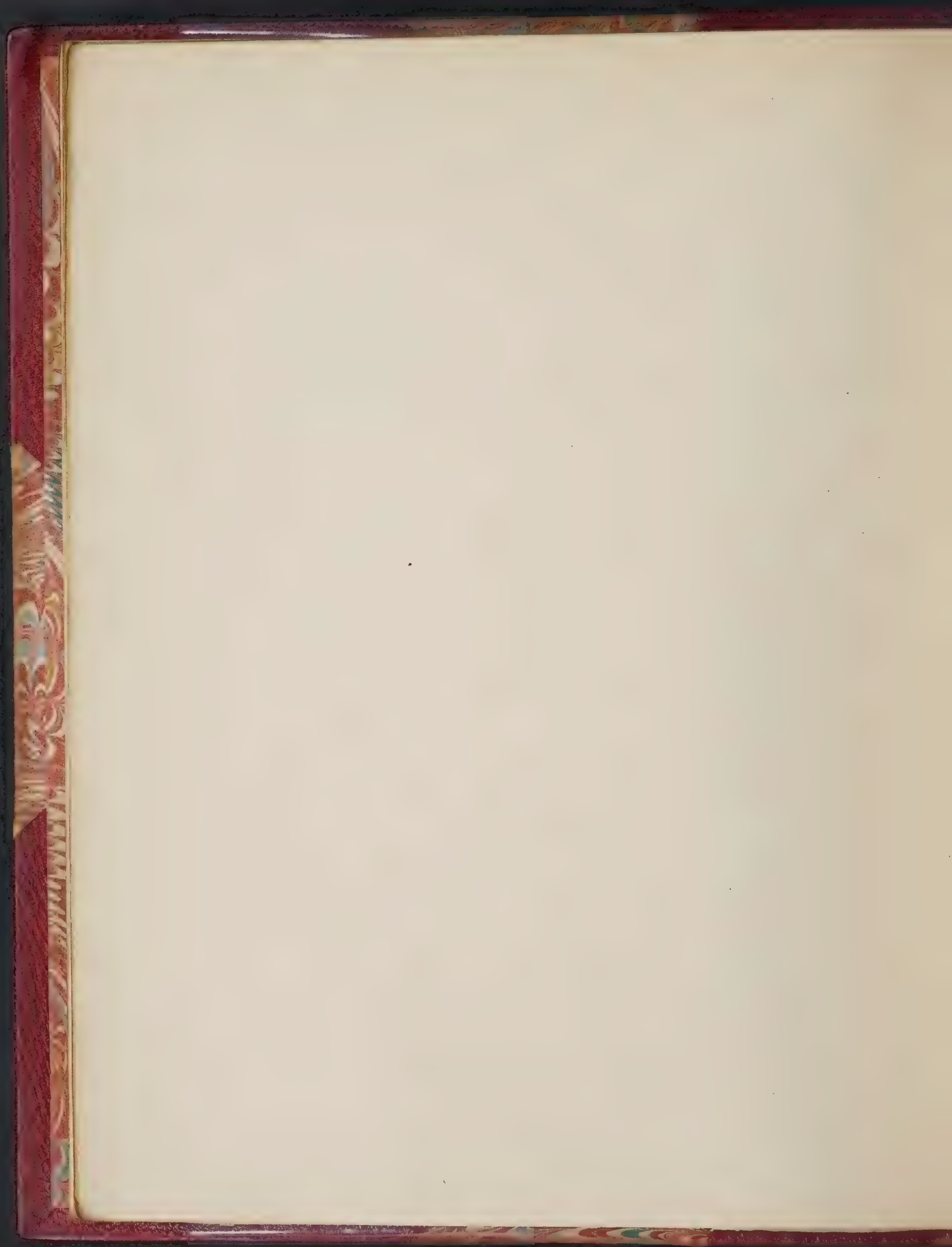
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BRIEFEST NOTES.

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VOL. V.

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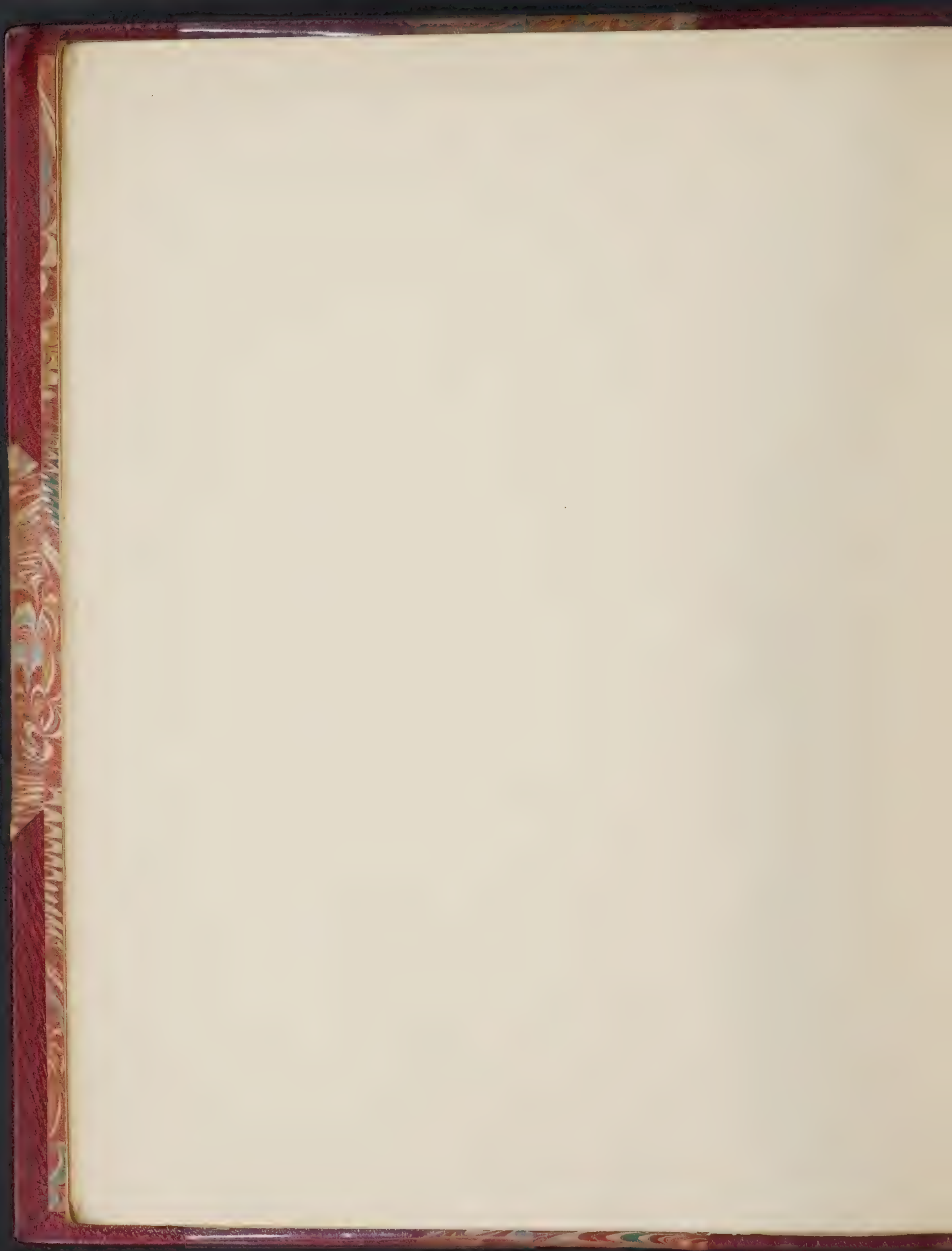
HENRY THE EIGHTH.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CORIOLANUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.



KING HENRY VIII.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

King HENRY VIII.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ; CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from* Charles V.

CRANMER, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.

Duke of NORFOLK ; *Earl of* SURREY.

Duke of SUFFOLK ; *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

Lord CHAMBERLAIN ; *Lord* CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester.

Bishop of LINCOLN ; *Lord* ABERGAVENNY ; *Lord* SANDS.

Sir HENRY GUILDFORD ; *Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

Sir ANTHONY DENNY ; *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX.

CROMWELL, *Servant to* Wolsey.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to* Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen ; Garter, *King at Arms*.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the* King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber ; Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner ; A Crier.

Queen KATHARINE, *Wife to* King Henry VIII.

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour*.

An old Lady, *Friend to* Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, *Woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords, Bishops, and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE : chiefly in London and Westminster ; once, at Kimbolton.

¹ *The famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII* was printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, without any list of characters, which was added by Rowe in 1709. It may be doubted whether in 1613 a new title, *All is True*, had not been given to the play.

KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh : things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it : such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too : those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,²
Will be deceiv'd ; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting

² In a long MOTLEY coat, GUARDED with yellow,] The variegated dress of a professed fool of old was called *motley*. *Guarded* meant *ornamented* or *protected* : see *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i, sc. 1, p. 12, the note on the words "guarded with fragments".

Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad as we would make ye : think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living ; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery :
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's : to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India : every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this masque
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,

'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.³

Buck.

O ! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;
 Order gave each thing view : the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck.

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
 In such a business.

Buck.

I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed
 From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
 That such a keech⁴ can, with his very bulk,

³ That Bevis was believ'd.] The incredible story of the old romance of Bevis of Southampton.

⁴ That such a KEECH—] A mass of fat, such as is rolled up by butchers : see *Henry IV*, *Pt. I*, act ii, sc. 4, p. 47.

Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,⁵
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives, which buys for him
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him : let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
(Without the privity o' the king) t' appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have

⁵ — he GIVES us note,] Possibly, "he *bids* us note"—misheard.

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O! many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read

The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together : to consider farther, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful ; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel ;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo ! where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY (the purse borne before him) ;
certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.
The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKING-
HAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !
Where's his examination ?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's brood⁶
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What ! are you chaf'd ?

⁶ —A beggar's BROOD] It is "a beggar's *book*" in the old copies,
but with obvious fitness altered to "a beggar's *brood*" in the Corr.
fol. 1632. "Beggar's *brat*" has been suggested.

Ask God for temperance ; that's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd me
As his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone t' the king :
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel,—I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't ; and make my vouch as
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to show his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king, our master,⁷
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified,
As he cried *Thus let be*, to as much end
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

⁷ —SUGGESTS the king, our master,] *i. e.*, *Tempts* or *incites* the king : see *All's Well that Ends Well*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 96, and not unfrequently elsewhere.

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd : but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor then desir'd,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and
several of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord !
The net has fall'n upon me : I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—
O ! my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[*To ABERGAVENNY.*

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done ; and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach lord Montacute ; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs o' the plot.—No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux,

Buck. O ! Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false : the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
Bedarkening my clear sun.⁸—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the
Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and
Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council
occupy their several places. The Cardinal seats
himself under the King's feet on his right side.*
*A noise within, crying Room for the Queen! Enter Queen
KATHARINE, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and
SUFFOLK; she kneels. The King rises from his state,
takes her up, kisses her, and places her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a suitor.

⁸ BEDARKENING my clear sun.] Steevens's emendation, for "*By darkening*": the cloud obscured, or "*bedarkened*", Buckingham's clear sunshine.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power ;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given :
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil ! even he escapes not
Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks
The ties of loyalty,⁹ and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear ; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

⁹ The TIES of loyalty,] Hitherto the text has been *sides*, misheard,
and misprinted for *ties* : the emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation !
Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others ; but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; that their curses now,
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
Their tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.¹

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones)² is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up

¹ There is no primer BUSINESS.] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for *baseness*, which was the old and clearly erroneous text.

² By sick interpreters (ONCE weak ones)] *i. e.*, By sick interpreters, who are *sometimes*, or perhaps, *usually* weak ones. This mode of employing "once" was not peculiar to Shakespeare.

For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trebling contribution ! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me : let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself : yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount [*To WOLS.*
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey ? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk ; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke

*My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dangerous
for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, *Tush !*
It can do me no damage ; adding farther,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say farther ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time : being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on : what hence ?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee :
what say'st ?

Surv. After the duke his father, with the knife,
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us.—He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,

Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He is a daring traitor to the height.³

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one
would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
Or springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out christendom. How now!

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

³ He is A DARING traitor to the height.] The words "*a daring*", completing the line, which, considering only the rhyme, would hardly have been left defective, are from the Corr. fol. 1632.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there : now I would pray our mon-
sieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom ; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio, oui* away⁴
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.

Lov. Ay, marry,

⁴ —OUI away] Spelt in the first folio "*wee* away", which the printer of the second folio, not understanding French, altered to "*wear* away", and so modern editors.

There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting of them : now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands :
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O ! 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies : there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us :
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal : in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests : then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one door : at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.⁵

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all : this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad : he would have all as merry
As far as good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord ! y' are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal

⁵ *Enter* Sir Henry Guildford] Our stage-direction follows the simplicity of the old copies.

But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O ! that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :
[*Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O ! very mad, exceeding mad, in love too ;
But he would bite none . just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kissing her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.

Wol. Y' are welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. *[Drinking.]*

Sands. Your grace is noble :
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets within ; chambers discharged.⁶

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. *[Exit a Servant.]*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war y' are privileg'd.

⁶ —CHAMBERS discharged.] Chambers were small pieces of theatrical ordnance : see *King Henry V*, chor. to act iii, p. 42.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ! what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem : they've left their barge, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome ; you can speak the French
tongue :

And pray receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

*[Exit Chamberlain attended. All rise, and the
tables are removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as masquers, habited
like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and salute him.*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
me

To tell your grace :—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies are chosen for the dance. The King
takes ANNE BULLEN.]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O, beauty !
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance.]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me.
There should be one amongst them, by his person
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. goes to the masquers, and returns.]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—

[Descending from his state.]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal. [Unmasking.]
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,—
The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one!—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.⁶—A health, gentlemen! [*Kissing her.*
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.⁷

[*Exeunt: Trumpets sound.*

⁶ Let the music KNOCK IT.] *i.e.*, Let the music *play*: "*knock it*" seems to have been derived from beating time, or perhaps from beating the drum.

⁷ And not to kiss you.] It was at that time, almost invariably, usual for a gentleman to kiss his partner at the end of the dance: the custom still prevails in servants' halls.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in London.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.**First Gent.* Whither away so fast ?*Second Gent.* O!—God save you :
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.*First Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.*Second Gent.* Were you there ?*First Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.*Second Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.*First Gent.* You may guess quickly what.*Second Gent.* Is he found guilty ?*First Gent.* Yes, truly is he ; and condemn'd upon it.*Second Gent.* I am sorry for 't.*First Gent.* So are a number more.*Second Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it ?*First Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd

To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Second Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies ?

First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

Second Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Second Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not ;
He was never so womanish : the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Second Gent. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,

Earl Surrey was sent thither ; and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Second Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally ; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Second Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—

First Gent. Stay there, sir ;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves
before him ; the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds
on each side : accompanied with Sir THOMAS LOVELL,
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM Sands, and many of
the common people.*

Second Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die : yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,

It has done upon the premises but justice ;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can not take peace with : no black
 envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !

And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
Then, give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there !
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone : my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But when they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye : the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell : and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, LOVELL, *etc.*

First Gent. O ! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Second Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

Second Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it :
I do not talk much.

Second Gent. I am confident :
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not ;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Second Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Second Gent. I think you have hit the mark : but is 't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the
care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were

young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.⁷

I fear he will, indeed. Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No ; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal ; for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew.
He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters

⁷ —which stopped our mouths, sir.] Some modern critics, resolved, as it were, to do their worst by the old text, have even chopped up this prose letter into what they consider verse !

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :
And, out of all these, to restore the king
He counsels a divorce : a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike ; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;

And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me :

The king hath sent me other-where : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain. NORFOLK opens a
folding-door. The King is discovered sitting,
and reading pensively.⁸

Suf. How sad he looks : sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha !

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha !

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha !—

⁸ —sitting, and reading pensively.] The simple old stage-direction is, "Exit lord Chamberlain ; and the king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively."

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

[*To WOLSEY.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen.

We are busy: go.

[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.

[*Aside.*

Suf.

Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

[*Aside.*

Nor.

If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.⁹

[*Aside.*

Suf.

I another.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

⁹ I'll venture one HEAVE at him.] So the folio 1632, for "one *have* at him" of the folio 1623. The verb *heave* was often used to signify compulsory removal: see *The Tempest*, act i, sc. 2, p. 8, etc.

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius ;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves :
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my
favour
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to you :
You are the king's now. [To GARDINER.]

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They walk and converse apart.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's christian care enough ; for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place, that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars :
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord !
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—
O ! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*An ante-chamber in the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O! now, after
So many courses of the sun entron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that cruel fortune¹ do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again?

Anne, So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

¹ Yet, if that CRUEL fortune] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for "*quarrel* fortune", which must be nonsense: some peculiarity in the MS. may have occasioned the blunder.

And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty :
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience² would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a
queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange : a three-pence bowed would hire
me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

² Of your soft CHEVERIL conscience—] To apply the epithet *cheveril* to the conscience was not unusual. *Cheveril* is leather made of kid-skin, and easily stretched : see *Twelfth Night*. act iii, 1, p. 51, where “cheveril gloves” (*i. e.*, *kid-gloves*) are mentioned.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little :
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing :³ I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo ! who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to
know
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand : it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and

³ You 'd venture an EMBALLING :] *Emballing* seems, as Johnson suggested, to have reference to the *ball*, one of the ensigns of royalty.

Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender :
More than my all is nothing ; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities : yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well : [Aside.
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king ; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle ?—[To her.] I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt :—have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke !
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect ;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands : honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me ? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone ; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH : next them, with some

small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes his place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes her place at some distance from the King. The Bishops range themselves on each side of the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, etc.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, etc.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas ! sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike ;
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : if in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before : it is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court,⁴ as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

⁴ That longer you DEFER the court,] It is "*desire* the court" in the folio 1623, which misprint puzzled various modern editors.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge :
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.
The king is present : if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,

And worthily, my falsehood ; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong : therefore, in him
It lies to-cure me ; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble-mouth'd ;
You sign your place and calling,⁵ in full seeming,
With meekness and humility ; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual ; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam.

The queen is obstinate,

⁵ You SIGN your place and calling—] *Sign* is here to be taken in the sense of *denote* or *mark*.

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't : 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your
way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help !
They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on :
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or

Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. Y'are excused;
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans, and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln : you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long : be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [The court rises.]

K. Hen. I may perceive [Aside.]
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor

This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return :⁶ with thy approach I know
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court :
I say, set on. *[Exeunt, in manner as they entered.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the
Queen's Apartments.*

The Queen, and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with
troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

⁶ Pr'ythee, return :] Cranmer being at this time absent on an embassy, the king apostrophises him. He was one of the king's chaplains, and was supposed to be in favour of the divorce.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by:
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness.

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number), if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin !
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ? and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me.— [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills.
Ye speak like honest men (pray God ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;
He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause ;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for, both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet : there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye ! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity ; but say, I warn'd ye :
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye !

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam.

Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol.

Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes !

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,
The way of our profession is against it :
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;

Beware, you lose it not : for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly :
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers ;
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The ante-chamber to the King's Apartments
in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With those you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers

Have uncontentn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out; the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O! how? how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if

It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death : the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now may all joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't.

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no :
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried *Ha !* at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry *Ha !* louder.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe ; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the papers?

Crom.

Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : you, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Is he ready

To come abroad ?

Crom.

I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.—

[*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ? No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

[*Aside to SUFFOLK.*]

Suf.

May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur.

Sharp enough,

Lord ! for thy justice.

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart !

Enter the King reading a schedule ; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king !

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be :
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will :

Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness. [Seeing the King.

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual labour⁷ a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

⁷ To steal from spiritual LABOUR] The old compositor misprinted *leisure* for *labour* : the emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632. Above we have "spiritual objects" for *object*.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you : since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [*Aside to NORF.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,

Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd :
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own : that am, have, and will be⁸—
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,

⁸ —that am, have, and will be] In this place we can do no more than reprint exactly the old text, with the old punctuation ; as if Wolsey, following “that am, have, and will be” by a long parenthesis, had forgotten how he commenced his sentence. Something may have been lost, which would have completed the meaning.

For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this :

[Giving WOLSEY papers.]

And, after, this ; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon WOLSEY : the Nobles
throng after the King, smiling, and whispering.]

Wol.

What should this mean ?

What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger.—[Glancing at it.] 'Tis so :
This paper has undone me !—'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence !
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What 's this—*To the Pope* ?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal ; who commands
you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,⁹ my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Wol.

Stay!

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

⁹ To ASHER-house,] *Asher* was the old and correct name of what we now call *Esher*. The bishops of Winchester had a palace there, and Wolsey at this time held it, and the bishopric of Winchester *in commendam*.

During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth¹

¹ That I in the way of loyalty and truth]. The pronoun *I* was added here by Theobald, and seems necessary.

Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you : thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance,
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king ; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen),
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,² when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

² Worse than the SACRING bell,] The *sacring* bell, in the Roman Catholic church, is the small bell sounded on the elevation of the host : it is, of course, from the French *sacrer*.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand ;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry *Guilty*, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head. Have at
you.

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. *Item*, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord !
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws : let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever,³ and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,

³ CHATTELS, and whatsoever,] In the folio, the reading is *castles*, for *chattels* : there can be no doubt it is an error of the press : the word was of old sometimes spelt *cattels* ; and so we find it in Holinshed, in the passage from which Shakespeare seems to have taken this part of his play.

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt the Nobles.*]

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, who stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well :

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O ! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden ;—
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down.—O
Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now,⁴ and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

⁴ — make USE now,] *i.e.*, Make *interest* now: *use* and *usance* were the old words for interest.

So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness all, that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee ;
Say,—Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A surè and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king ; and,—pr'ythee, lead me in—
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny : 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court : my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Second Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

Second Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last en-
counter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true ; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

Second Gent. 'Tis well : the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds ;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater ;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Second Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand ?

First Gent. Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward : next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.

Second Gent. I thank you, sir : had I not known those
customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She was oft cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short,* for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

Second Gent. Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.⁵

1. *Then, two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [*Music.*
4. *The Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms ; and on his head, he wore a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold ; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove ; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship ; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

Second Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know :
Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

⁵ The order of the coronation.] Such is the heading of the original, although, in fact, queen Anne was returning from her coronation.

First Gent. Marquess Dorset :
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Second Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

First Gent. 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

Second Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk ?

First Gent. Yes.

Second Gent. Heaven bless thee ! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel :
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :
I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.

Second Gent. Those men are happy ; and so are all,
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

Second Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars,
indeed ;
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Second Gent. You saw the ceremony ?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it ?

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Second Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest ;
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Second Gent. But, what follow'd ?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and saintlike

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, the bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent.

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that 's past ;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

Third Gent.

I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Second Gent.

What two reverend bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the queen ?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of Win-
chester,

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary ;
The other, London.

Second Gent.

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent.

All the land knows that :
However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Second Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

Third Gent.

Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

Second Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.⁶—

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH
and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith ! sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair :—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I thought, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily
For my example.

⁶ Yes, without all doubt.—] The old play on the *Life of Lord
Thomas Cromwell* was printed in 1602.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him :
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !*
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :

His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing,
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues •
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer :
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good man did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*]

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision.*⁶ Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend curtsies: then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing

⁶ *The vision.*] This vision is here described exactly in the terms of the original edition of 1623.

they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even, now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. [*Aside to GRIFFITH.*] Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy coldness?⁷ Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

⁷ And of an earthy COLDNESS?] It is *cold* only in the old copies. Modern editors substitute *colour*, though in the very preceding line Patience has said, "How *pale* she looks". *Coldness* is the word in the Corr. fol. 1632, and, we think, must be right.

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to ; kneel. [*Mess. kneels.*]

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew ; and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord !
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O ! my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This is to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding :
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well ; and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men :—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by :

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say, his long trouble now is passing⁸
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour : strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading out KATHARINE.]

⁸ Say, his long trouble now is passing] Various modes of adding to this imperfect line have been proposed by modern editors. We protest against all addition, especially when the sense is so complete, and when none is suggested even by the Corr. fol. 1632. It is, we think, indisputable that Shakespeare purposely, and for the sake of variety, left many lines of fewer, or of more, than ten syllables. Why are all his lines to be cut into exact lengths, like bundles of London fire-wood ?

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palæce.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him; meeting Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas:
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero⁹
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

⁹ —and left him at PRIMERO] *Primero* was a difficult game at cards, frequently mentioned by writers of Shakespeare's day: see *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 89.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour ;
They say, in great extremity, and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily ; that it may find
Good time, and live : but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature ; and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas : y' are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; farther, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,

Sir (I may tell it you), I think I have
Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved
Have broken with the king ; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[Exeunt GARDINER and Page.]

*Enter the King and the Duke of SUFFOLK, as LOVELL
is going out.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night :
My mind's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ? what ! is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir !

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles :
Pr'ythee to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night ; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers,

K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha ! Canterbury ?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake :
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [*LOVELL seems to stay.*]
Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.
What !— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror : all's not well. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. How now, my lord ! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure. * [*Kneeling.*

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury. [*CRAN. rises.*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord ! I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : to a brother of us,⁹
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know, [*Kneeling.*

⁹ To a brother of us, etc.] So the Corr. fol. 1632 instead of "You
a brother of us", misprinted by the old compositor.

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up : [*C. rises.*
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world ?

Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you : such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to :

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer; .
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring [*Giving it.*
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.* He has
strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger : 'tis as like you
 As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
 [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha' more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment :
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
 I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-Keeper, etc., attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late ; and yet the gentleman
 That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast ? What means this ? Ho !
 Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord ;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily : the king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit BUTTS.*

Cran.

'Tis Butts,

The king's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and BUTTS, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

K. Hen.

What's that, Butts ?

Butts. —I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me ! where is it ?

Butts.

There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen.

Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

(At least good manners) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery!
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
 We shall hear more anon.— [Curtain drawn.]

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.¹

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of SUFFOLK and NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side: CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary,
 Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
 And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.]

¹ The Council-chamber.] In order that the place might represent the Council-chamber, we are informed, in the old stage-direction, that "A Council-table is brought in with chairs and stools."

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and culpable²
Of our flesh ; few are angels ; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic ; and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbour,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have laboured,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,

² —frail, and CULPABLE] *Culpable* is *capable* in the old copies
—surely an evident error, though *capable* may be strained to a
meaning. It is *culpable* in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be : you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower :
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah ! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you ;
You are always my good friend : if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end ;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition :
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary ;
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp : men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy : you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest ;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;³
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

³ This is too much ;] This and some subsequent speeches have the prefix of *Cham.* to them, as if spoken by the lord Chamberlain ; but from the tenor of them, and the part the lord Chancellor has already taken in the scene, they would seem to belong to him.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain till the king's farther pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there !

Enter GUARD.

Cran. For me ?
Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords !
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords :
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven ! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye!

Enter the King, frowning upon them: he takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now; and in my presence,
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man [*To CRANMER*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power, as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him : if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :
Be friends, for shame, my lords !—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;

That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.⁴
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset:
Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it. [*Embracing CRANMER.*]

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ —you'd spare your SPOONS.] "It was the custom," says Steevens, "long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer spoons as a present to the child." These spoons were called *Apostle spoons*, because the figures of the twelve apostles were usually carved on the tops of the handles. Many specimens of them are still remaining in cabinets.

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden?⁵ ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*]. Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible, Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any, That had a head to hit, either young or old,

⁵ Do you take the court for PARIS-GARDEN?] *Paris-garden*, or *Parish-garden*, on the Bankside, was the place where bears, bulls, and horses were baited, often not merely before the rabble.

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.⁶

[*Within*]. Do you hear, master Porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.
—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields, to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand : here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose : all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *Clubs !* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o'

⁶ —for a cow, God save her.] The Corrector of the folio 1632 alters *chine* to *queen*, and *cow* to *crown*, very plausible changes ; but as the text stands it is intelligible, and may be local or provincial : with this note we therefore leave it undisturbed.

the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff with me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youth that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows: There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y' are lazy knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out.
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you o'er the pales else.⁷ [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Greenwich.*

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, Elizabeth!

⁷ I'll PICK you o'er the pales else.] *i. e.*, I'll *pitch* you o'er the pales else. We shall have it again in *Coriolanus*, act i, sc. i. The old Corrector here reads, "I'll *peck* you o'er the *poll* else."

Flourish. Enter the King and Train.

Cran. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
[*Kneeling.*

My noble partners and myself thus pray :—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the child, and CRANMER rises.*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen !

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily : so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her !—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her ;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her :
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her :
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known ! and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness),
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants of this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen.

Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

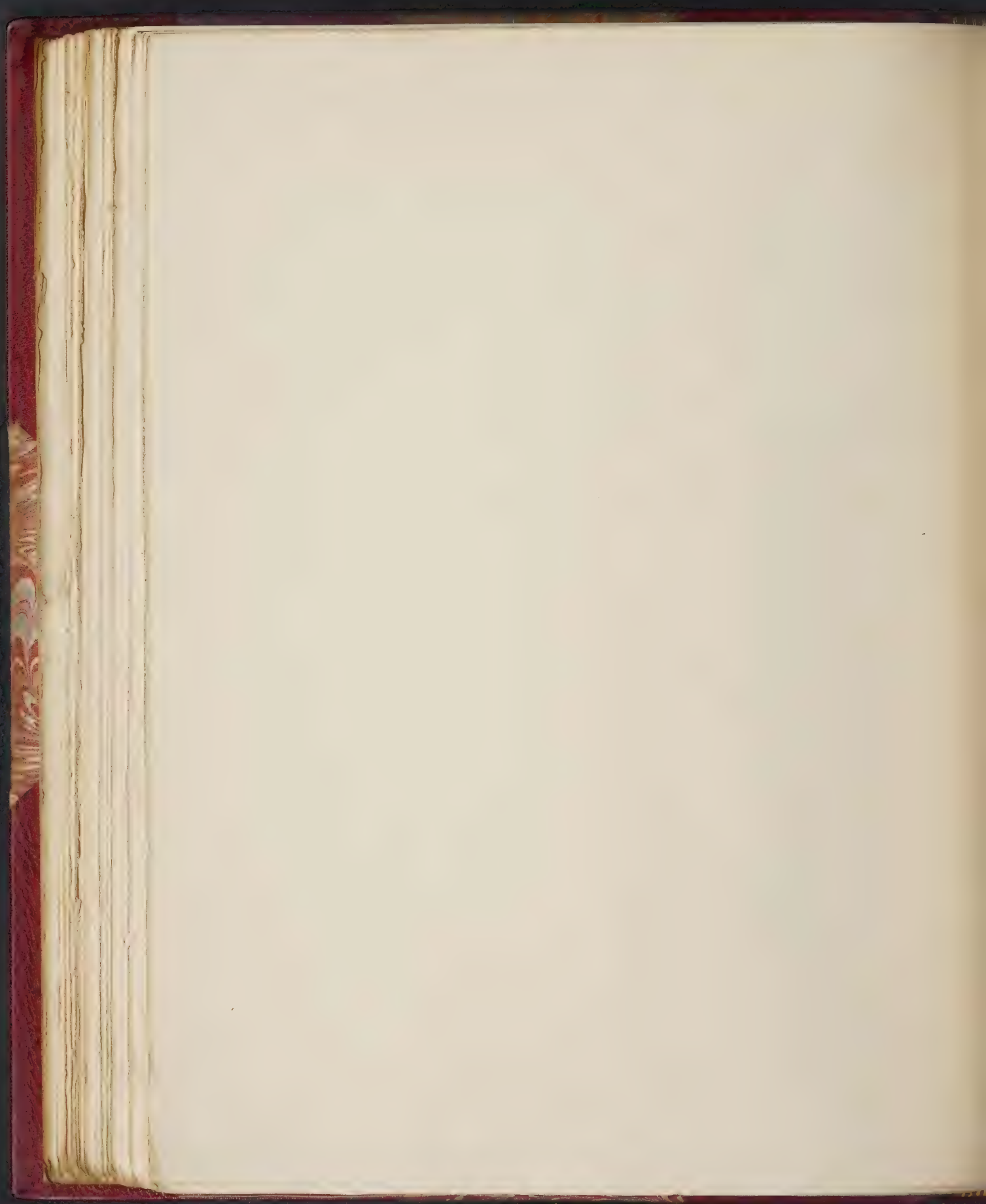
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die :
She must ; the saints must have her, yet a virgin ;
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O ! lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man : never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords :—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,

We have frightened with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*That's witty !*
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,	}	<i>his Sons.</i>
TROILUS,		
PARIS,		
DEIPHOBUS,		

HELENUS,	}	<i>Trojan Commanders.</i>
ÆNEAS,		

ANTENOR, *Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,	}	<i>Grecian Commanders.</i>
AJAX,		
ULYSSES,		
NESTOR,		
DIOMEDES,		

PATROCLUS, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

THERSITES, *Servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter of Priam ; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter of Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

¹ *The History of Troilus and Cressida* was twice printed in 4to. in 1609, with some important differences : it is inserted in the folio 1623 without pagination ; and without a list of the characters in any early impression : the list was first added by Rowe in 1709.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.²

² SPERR up the sons of Troy.] All the folios read, "*Stir* up the sons of Troy"; spelt *stirre* in the folio 1623. *Stirre* was clearly a misprint for *sperre*, and many authorities may be quoted for the use of *sperre* in the sense of *spar*, or *bar* up.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard :—and hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,³—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt⁴ and firstlings of those broils,
 Beginning in the middle ; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet ;⁵ I'll unarm again :

³ A prologue ARM'D,] It was usual for the prologue-speaker in our old theatres to be dressed in black ; there were, however, many exceptions to this rule, and the instance before us is one.

⁴ Leaps over the VAUNT,] *i. e.*, The commencement : from the Fr. *avant*.

⁵ —my VARLET ;] This word anciently signified a servant, or footman, to a knight or warrior : Fr. *valet*.

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?⁶

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part,
I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have
a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word
hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heat-
ing of the oven, and the baking : nay, you must stay the
cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench⁷ at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

⁶ Will this GEAR ne'er be mended ?] *Gear* is often used for *matter* or *affair* : see *Merchant of Venice*, act i, sc. 1, p. 7, etc.

⁷ Doth lesser BLEND—] *i.e.*, Less *start off* or *fly from*. We have had the word already in the same sense in *Measure for Measure*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 88.

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw
her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm⁸)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between
the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I
would not, as they term it, praise her,—but I would some-
body had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not
dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, *she is fair*;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense

⁸ —the sun doth light a STORM,] A correction by Rowe, as the old
copies all read *scorn* for *storm*: the Corr. fol. 1632 has *storm*; and
the change has, in fact, never been disputed.

Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—*I love her*;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is:
if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she
has the 'mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus; how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought
on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and
between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What! art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair
as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair
on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I
care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool
to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so
I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll
meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all
as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit PAN. An alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument ;
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
 But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me !
 I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?
 Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :
 Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;
 Ourself, the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus ! wherefore not afield ?

Tro. Because not there : this woman's answer sorts,⁹
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas ?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed : 'tis but a scar to scorn ;
 Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. *[Alarum.]*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day !

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might were may.*—
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither ?

⁹ —this woman's answer SORTS,] *i. e.*, *Befits* or *agrees*—one of the usual senses of the word in Shakespeare's time : see *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v, sc. 4, p. 94, etc.

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come ; go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by ?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they ?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fixed, to-day was mov'd :
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick, or have
no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their
particular additions : he is as valiant as the lion, churlish

as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : he hath the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use ; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle, Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of ?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

Cres. Hector was gone ; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so : Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well.—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't: you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him ; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough,

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his : he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.¹

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window ;—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

¹ Then she's a MERRY GREEK, indeed] The expression *merry Greek* is very common in old writers. One of the characters in the oldest comedy, properly so called, in our language, *Ralph Roister Doister*, is called *Mathew Merrygreek*. He is the Jester of the play.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?²

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him:—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin:—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

² —and so old a LIFTER?] *i. e.*, So old a *thief*. We still speak of shop-lifters.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes : did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer ?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true ; make no question of that. *Two and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white : that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.—Jupiter !* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband ?—The forked one*, quoth he ; *pluck't out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true : he will weep you, an'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an'twere a nettle against May.

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Pan. That's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one of the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good.—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there. There's no jesting: there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not; an the devil comes to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is 't not a gallant man, too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus.—I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, *Troilus*?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Soldiers pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit* Boy.]
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle.²

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.— [*Exit* PAN.]
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise ;
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing :

² To bring, uncle.] A cant expression, often used of old, and generally signifying incredulity, like "I dare say."

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's
Tent.*

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand ;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks,³
And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd⁴ and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk;
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,

³ —abash'd behold our WRECKS.] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for *works* of the old copies—the ruin of their *works*.

⁴ —seem all AFFIN'D—] *i. e.*, Joined by affinity or relationship. The word occurs twice in *Othello*, act i, sc. 1, and act ii, sc. 3.

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Replies to chiding fortune.⁵

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To AGAMEMNON.
 And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life.—
[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches, which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
 Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

⁵ REPLIES to chiding fortune.] “Retires to chiding fortune” in the old copies: *Replies* is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca ; and be't of less expect⁶

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastick jaws,⁷
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets,

⁶ —Ithaca ; and be't of less EXPECT] *Expect* seems here used, rather singularly, for *expectation*.

⁷ —his MASTICK jaws,] So every old copy : *mastick* was a well-known gum. It has been usual to change *mastick* to *mastiff*, but most unnecessarily : "*mastick* jaws" are adhesive, clammy jaws.

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure !⁸ O ! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,

⁸ Quite from their FIXURE !] The modern reading has usually been *fixture* : but Shakespeare's word is *fixure*, and he has it also in *The Winter's Tale*, and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking :
And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
That next, by him beneath : so, every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation :
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests ;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us : sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon right.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites,
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket is sounded.*]

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.⁹

⁹ —look, Menelaus.] Here, as in many other places, modern editors tamper with the verse—some by addition, others by omission, making the dialogue as smooth as spiritless. We prefer the old text.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?¹⁰

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay; I ask that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.

¹⁰ —to his kingly EARS?] So the folio: the 4tos. read *eyes*. Here, where a note seems necessary, modern editors have none.

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth ;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon : 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind.
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did couple in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas :
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : but we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
But if there be not in our Grecian host,
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace¹ put this wither'd brawn ;

¹ And in my VANTBRACE—] Armour for the arm, *avantbras*.

And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous, even as substance
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And in the publication make no strain,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya (though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet : whom may you else-oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles ? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our reputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action ; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech :—

Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes : what are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No ; make a lottery,
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other : pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on,² as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.**Enter AJAX and THERSITES.**Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? full, all over,
generally ?*Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did not the
general run then ? were not that a botchy core ?*Ajax.* Dog,—*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him : I see
none now.*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ? Feel
then. [*Striking him.**Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel,
beef-witted lord !

² Must TARRE the mastiffs on,] See, respecting the word *tarre*,
King John, act iv, sc. I, p. 65, where it has occurred.

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinew'dest leaven,³ speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation !

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not : my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make thee the loathsomeſt scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikeſt as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation !

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and rail'eſt every hour on Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkeſt at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites !

Ther. Thou shouldſt strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf !

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers⁴ with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur !

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

³ — thou VINEW'DEST leaven,] *i. e.*, Most mouldy leaven : *vinewed* is mouldy or musty.

⁴ —PUN thee into shivers—] *Pun* is the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. Shakespeare uses it only here.

Ajax. Thou stöol for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do; do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee:⁵ thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold, among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him again.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his

⁵ —an ASSINEGO may tutor thee:] *Assinego* is the Portuguese diminutive for an ass: the word in the old copies is *assinico*; but the Spanish word for an ass is *asno*.

evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax. [AJAX offers to strike him.]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you. [To AJAX.]

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you there.

Ajax. O, thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a

great catch, if he knock out either of your brains : he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me, too, Thersites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What ? what ?

Ther. Yes, good sooth : to Achilles ! to Ajax ! to !

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites ; peace !

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach⁶ bids me, shall I ?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents : I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host :—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

⁶ —when Achilles' BRACH—] Printed *brooch* in all the old copies till the time of Rowe. *Brach* is dog : see *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, p. 4. It often means a bitch, but here a male dog : Fr. *braque*.

Achil. I know not : it is put to lottery ; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O ! meaning you.—[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.] I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :—
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to 't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows ?*
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches⁷
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

⁷ —the TENT that searches] *Tent* is a surgical term : to *tent* a wound is to search it, to try it.

Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother !
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite ?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest :
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
You know, an enemy intends you harm,
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught but as 'tis valued ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable⁸
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

⁸ —that is INCLINABLE] *Attributive* in the 4tos. ; but the difference seems to have escaped notice by various editors.

And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo, and makes pale the morning.⁹
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 As you must need, for you all cried—*Go, go!*
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!* why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

⁹ —and makes PALE the morning.] The folio reads, “makes *stale* the morning”: our text is that of the 4to. How was the morning to be made *stale*, by Helen's beauty? It was made *pale* by the youthful freshness of her complexion; and, who ever heard of a *stale* morning?

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*¹⁰

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears:
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,

¹⁰ *Enter Cassandra, RAVING.*] This is the stage-direction of the 4tos.: the folio, in order to show how her *raving* was exhibited, has it, "*Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.*"

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons ;
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity¹
As well my undertakings as your counsels ;
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project :
For what, alas ! can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to poise the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall.
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ? Can it be,

¹ —CONVINCE of levity] *i.e.*, *Convict* of levity : see *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v, sc. 2, p. 104. *Poise*, lower down, is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners : now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband ? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws

Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd : thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept :
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter THERSITES.*

Ther. How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him whilst he railed at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-aimed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the Neapolitan bone-ache; for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen.—What ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of

mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then, tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then, tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then, tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this : come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles ; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon ; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool ; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool ?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover :—it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here ?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and
AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. *[Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery ! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore ; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon ! Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all ! *[Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles ?

Patr. Within his tent ; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
We sent our messengers ;² and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him :
Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. *[Exit.*

² We SENT our messengers.] The 4to. reads, "He *sate*", and the folio, "He *sent*". The ordinary reading since the time of Theobald has been, "He *shent*", or rebuked, our messengers.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent :
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may call
it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by my
head, 'tis pride : but why ? why ? let him show us a cause.
—A word, my lord ? [*Taking AGAMEMNON aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his
argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his
argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish,
than their faction : but it was a strong composure a fool
could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily
untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy :
his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him : he hopes it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breathe.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.

We are too well acquainted with these answers ;
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him ; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him ; and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows,³ as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this : and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied ;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

³ His pettish LUNES, his ebbs, his flows,] We have seen *lunes* used, much in the same way, in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii, sc. 2, p. 35.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself, but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself : what should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon ! let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles :
That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O ! this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause ! [*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no ! you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.⁴
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow !

Nest. How he describes

Himself ! [*Aside.*]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulyss. The raven

Chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the
patient. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so,

'A should eat swords first : shall pride carry it ?

Nest. An 'twould, you 'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him ; I will make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm : force him with
praises.

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

⁴ I'll PHEEZE his pride.] *i. e.*, *Humble* it : see *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, p. 3. Possibly, "*physic* his pride".

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face ;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !
Would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise ?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne ?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-
posure ;
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck :
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition ;
But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half : and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts : here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :
But pardon, father Nestor,—were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war:

Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you; pray you, a word. Do not you
follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must
needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship are my titles.—What music is this ?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir : it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend ?

Serv. At mine, sir ; and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir ?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play ?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Serv. No, sir, Helen : could you not find out that by her attributes ?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus ; I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them; especially to you, fair queen: fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But marry, thus, my lord. My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to;—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,—i' faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la ! Nay, I care not for such words : no, no. —And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no ; no such matter ; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida ? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy ! what do you spy ?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He ! no, she'll none of him ; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love : this love will undo us all.
O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid !

Pan. Love ? ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now ; love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so :

Love, love, nothing but love, still more !

For, oh ! love's bow

Shoots buck and doe :

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh ! oh ! they die !

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !

So dying love lives still :

Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !

Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !—hey ho !

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love ; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds ; and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ?—Why, they are vipers : is love a generation of vipers ? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day ?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something :—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. *A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field : let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews : you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris : Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ; Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now ! where's thy master ? at my cousin Cressida's ?

Serv. No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O ! here he comes.—How now, how now !

Tro. Sirrah, walk off.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O, gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar?⁵ death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready: she'll come straight: you
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her

⁵ Love's thrice-REPURED nectar?] So one of the 4tos. of 1609
(that belonging to the duke of Devonshire), and so, no doubt, rightly,
repured being taken in the sense of *refined* or *purified*. The folio, by
a misprint, has "thrice-reputed."

wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite : I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain : she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :
My heart beats thicker⁶ than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's a baby.—Here she is now : swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What ! are you gone again ? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you ? Come your ways, come your ways ; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.⁷—Why do you not speak to her ?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight ! an'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so ; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now ! a kiss in fee-farm ? build there, carpenter ; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river : go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds ; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What ! billing again ? Here's—*In witness where-*

⁶ My heart beats THICKER—] *i. e.*, *Quicker*, more rapidly—a then not uncommon use of the word.

⁷ i' the FILLS.] *i. e.*, In the shafts. *Fills*, or *phills*, is still used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

of the parties interchangeably.—Come in, come in : I'll go get a fire. [Exit.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Tro. O Cressida ! how often have I wished me thus ?

Cres. Wished, my lord ?—The gods grant—O my lord !

Tro. What should they grant ? what makes this pretty abruption ? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love ?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins ; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear : to fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O ! let my lady apprehend no fear : in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither ?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings ; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined ; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

Tro. Are there such ? such are not we. Praise us as we

are tasted ; allow us as we prove : our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert, before his birth ; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith : Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth ; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What ! blushing still ? have you not done talking yet ?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that : if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord ; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages ; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won : they are burs, I can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win ?

Cres. Hard to seem won ; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me,— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now ; but not, till now, so much But I might master it.—In faith, I lie :

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother : see, we fools !
 Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?—
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see ! your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness,⁸ from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
 I am asham'd :—O heavens ! what have I done ?—
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morn-
 ing,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun

Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you ;

⁸ CUNNING in dumbness.] The old copies all read, "*Coming* in dumbness", a misprint corrected by Pope ; but not seen by Rowe.

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone.—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fall so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O, virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by *Troilus*: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be! ^{*}
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressida.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber;

which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away !

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things above,⁹
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ? make demand.

⁹ That, through the sight I bear in things ABOVE,] The old reading to *Jove*, instead of *above*, is amended in the Corr. fol. 1632 : it had been previously conjectured, but never was adopted until the discovery of that remarkable volume : it seems indisputable.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied ; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage : and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither : Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS before their tent.¹

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.

¹ —before their tent.] The stage-direction in the 4tos. is, "Achilles and Patroclus stand in their tent"; and in the folio, "*Enter* Achilles and Patroclus in their tent."

I will come last : 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him ?
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along :—
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What ! comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind : I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What ! does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus !

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? Know they not
Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What ! am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :
Fortune and I are friends : I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses :
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses !

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son !

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;

As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achill. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here, in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form :
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there²
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at this position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift ;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended : which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;

² —and is MIRROR'D there] The happy and indisputable emendation of the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*married* there" of the old copies.

That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there
are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use :
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth. Now, shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men do,
While some men leave to do :
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it ; for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion ;
A great-sized monster of ingratitude :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where but one goes abreast : keep, then, the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue : if you give way,
Or edge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object :
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb crudities.³
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. *[Exit.*

³ —in their dumb CRUDITIES.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "dumb cradles" of the old copies, amending both sense and verse.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this :
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Swift, rouse yourself ;⁴ and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O ! then beware :
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd !

⁴ SWIFT, rouse yourself ;] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for the misprint of "sweet, rouse yourself". Just afterwards the folio absurdly reads, "Be shook to airy air" : perhaps for "very air."

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself, in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire

the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured, captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha !

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph !

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon ?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha !

Patr. What say you to 't ?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir ?

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other : howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir ?

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he ?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not ; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd ;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,
that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in
a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

*Enter at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch ; at
the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES,
and Others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho ! who is that there ?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person ?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, take his hand,
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce ;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long health ;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy : now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you. 'Twas to bring this
Greek
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,

Haste there before us. I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night :
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you :
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. *[Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike :
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris :—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk : for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy ;
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
 We'll but commend⁵ what we intend to sell.—
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Court before the House of*
Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself : the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down ;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not ;
 To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses
 As infants' empty of all thought !

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me ?

Tro. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
 Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 I would not from thee.

⁵ We'll BUT commend] "We'll *not* commend" in the old copies.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry.—

You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life.—

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be
good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio!⁶
—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*

⁶ —a poor CAPOCCHIO!] In Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, and 1611, we find, *capocchio*, “a dolt, a loggerhead, a foolish pate, a shallow sconce.”

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock.—Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y'are ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither: go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and ÆNEAS.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil
take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague
upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?
gone!

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death.—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus,—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR,
and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house ;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently ;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth⁷ in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : how can I moderate it ?

⁷ And VIOLENTETH—] So the 4tos. : the folio omits the word altogether, and reads, "And *no less* in a sense as strong" : modern editors do not notice the important difference. Steevens showed *violenceth* to be a verb used by Ben Jonson ; and to *violent* is a verb in Latimer's *Sermons*, and in Fuller's *Worthies*.

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief :
My love admits no qualifying dross,
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck !

Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! *[Embracing him.]*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too. O, *heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

— O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By silence nor by speaking.⁸

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse : we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay : 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What ! and from Troilus too ?

⁸ By SILENCE] Prose in the folios, where *friendship* is absurdly printed for *silence*, the word in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit PAN.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart—

Cres. I true? how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us :
I speak not, *Be thou true*, as fearing thee ;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart ;
But, *Be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O ! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent : but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens !—*be true*, again ?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;
Their loving well compos'd with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise :
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas ! a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens ! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then !
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No;

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their chainful potency.⁹

Æne. [*Within*]. Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss ; and let us part.

Par. [*Within*]. Brother Troilus !

Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true ?

Tro. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit
Is *plain and true*,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed ! Here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.

⁹ Presuming on their CHAINFUL potency.] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for "*changeful* potency" of the old copies ; which seems the very reverse of what was meant by the poet.

Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects ;
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O ! be not mov'd, prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free : when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust ;¹ and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—*be't so*,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—*no*.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TRO., CRES., and DIO.* [Trumpet sounded.]

¹ I'll answer to my LUST ;] *i.e.*, To my *pleasure*. *Lust* is often used by old writers in this sense.

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !

The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed* ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATRO-
CLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thine eyes spout blood :
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounded.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond' Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—

So much for Nestor. [Kissing her.]

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :

Achilles bids you welcome. [Kissing her.]

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.²

[Kissing.]

Ulyss. O ! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

[Kissing.]

Men. O ! this is trim.

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

² And parted thus you and your argument.] This line, not absolutely necessary to the sense, is only in the 4tos. It was also omitted by Rowe ; but modern editors make no note on the difference.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot ; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man : give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor ; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word :—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O ! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,³

³ That give ACCOSTING welcome] Misprinted "*a coasting* welcome" in all the old copies. Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains*, ii, 134, supports the emendation in our text.

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet sounds within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other*
Trojans, *with* Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof half Hector stays at home ;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greëk.

Achil. A maiden battle, then ?—O ! I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax : as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it ; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath ; the combatants being kin
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR *enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy ?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word,
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :
 His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought⁴ with breath.
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender abjects ; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.
 They call him Troilus ; and on him erect

⁴ —an IMPAIR thought—] A thought unworthy of him, *not equal* to him. Very possibly, *impure* of the old impressions was merely a misprint for *impure*. Below, *abjects* is also from the Corr. fol. 1632.

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Trumpets.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st :
Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet : let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan, so
That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax :*

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st *Oyez*
Cries, *This is he !* could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What farther you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;
The issue is embracement.—*Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As seld' I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me ;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part :
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name ;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy :

But that's no welcome : understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To TROILUS.*]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting :
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Æne.

The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O ! you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath ;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O ! pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said unto my standers-by,

Lo ! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.⁵

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha ! By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir ! there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

⁵ As they contend with thee in courtesy.] This line is only in the folio ; but punctilious modern editors omit to notice the fact.

Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, then.—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief : I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O ! like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er ;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,⁶
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag :
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin :—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach : the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field :
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death :
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;

⁶ —that STITHIED Mars his helm,] A *stith* is an anvil, from A.S. *stith*, hard ; and *stithy* the place where an anvil is employed.

There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow.
That this great soldier may his welcome know,

[*Sound. Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence ?

Tro. O, sir ! to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
She was lov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol
of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee. [*Giving it.*

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now? [*ACHILLES reads.*

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, perversity!⁷ and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'thee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. *Male varlet*, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases
of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads

⁷ Well said, PERVERSITY!] It is *adversity* in the old copies, but
merely a careless misreading by the old compositor.

o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous butt: you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and 'gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's

Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails ; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax : and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds ; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to ? To an ass, were nothing : he is both ass and ox : to an ox were nothing ; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a her-ring without a roe, I would not care ; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day ! spirits and fires !

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,
NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with torches.*

Agam. We go wrong ; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you,

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector : welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good, night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch ; he goes To Calchas' tent : I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect.

And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED ; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

Achil. Come, come ; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave : I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabler the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it : it is prodigious ; there will come some change : the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him : they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent varlets !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. *Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them
THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you.
[*Whispering.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her
cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what—

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O, plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O, wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will, la: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again ;
I will not meet with you to-morrow night :
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before ; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith, you shall
not :

I 'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond',
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past :—and yet it is not :
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell :
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes not you pleases
me best.

Dio. What ! shall I come ? the hour ?

Cres. Ay, come :—O Jove !
Do come :—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night : I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err : O ! then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, *My mind is now turn'd whore.*

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then ?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !

Think we had mothers : do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our
mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Tro. This she ? no ; this is Diomed's Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she :
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself !
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :
Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well,
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek :—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm :
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. [*Coming forward.*] Would I could meet that rogue
Diomed: I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I
would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intel-
ligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an
almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery;
still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion; a
burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition:
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O! it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.⁸

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful
For us to give much laud to violent thefts,⁹
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

⁸ —hot and PEEVISH vows:] *i.e.*, Inconsiderable and *foolish* vows: see, regarding *peevish*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i, sc. 5, p. 25, and many other places.

⁹ For us to give much LAUD to violent thefts,] This passage has given rise to much doubt and difficulty, and the old copies disagree as to the text. If we only suppose the compositor to have blundered between *count* in the line just above, and the word *laud* in this line, there seems to be little difficulty in making out the meaning of the poet. Nobody has yet offered a perfectly satisfactory solution.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the clear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ! mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit CASSANDRA.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus : doff thy harness, youth ;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O ! 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ! how now !

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me ?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
All fall together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come ; go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam ! yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector !
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thine eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth !
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—*Hector ! Hector's dead !* O Hector !

Tro. Away !—Away !—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft !—Hector, I take my leave :
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell : the gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR. *Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it : hark !—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*]

Enter PANDARUS, *in haste.*

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. [*Snatching it.*]

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthi-

sick [*coughing*] so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
[*Tearing the letter.*
Th' effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.¹ [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore

¹ But edifies another with her deeds.] After this line the folio adds as follows:—

“*Pan.* Why, but hear you!

“*Troy.* Hence, brother lackey! ignomy and shame

“Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.”

The two last lines (with a similar introduction by Pandarus) are also found just before the close of the play: they cannot be rightly inserted in both places, and as they seem to come in subsequently with at least equal propriety, and with the correction of a misprint, we have given them in that place, and omitted them here.

there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry :—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles ; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day : whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill-opinion. Soft ! here comes sleeve and th' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire :
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee !

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy whore,
Trojan !—now the sleeve ! now the sleeveless !²

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? art thou for Hector's
match ?
Art thou of blood and honour ?

² Now the sleeve ! now the SLEEVELESS !] So the Corr. fol. 1632, instead of the mere repetition of "now the *sleeve*"; an indisputable emendation.

Ther. No, no ;—I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave ; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee :—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me ! What's become of the wenching rogues ? I think they have swallowed one another : I would laugh at that miracle ; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant ; take thou Troilus' horse :
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius : Polixenes is slain ;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd : the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
Now, here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale : then, is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks,³ ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

³ And there the STRAWY Greeks,] So the 4tos., with obvious propriety : the folio alters the word to *straying*.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! *[Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there!

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller; show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector; where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks; have at you both.

[Exeunt, fighting.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O! well fought, my youngest brother.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee! Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use;
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*

Hect.

Fare thee well.

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.—
No! wilt thou not?—I like thine armour well;
I'll frush it,⁴ and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ I'll FRUSH it,] To *frush* is to *break* or *bruise*, and is not unfrequently met with, but Shakespeare uses it only here.

SCENE VII.—The Same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel :
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about ;
In fellest manner execute your aims.⁵
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting* : *then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! now, my double-
henned sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo ! The bull has the game :
—'ware horns, ho ! [*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am bastard too. I love bastards : I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed ;

⁵ In fellest manner execute your AIMS.] So the 4to. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and not *arms*, as it stands in the other 4to., nor *arme*, as it is given in the folio.

the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good breath :
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[Putting off his helmet, and laying his sword aside.]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd : forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ! this is the man I seek.

[HECTOR falls.]

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down ;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons ! and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Hark ! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler like,⁶ the armies separates.
 My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheathing his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—The Same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-
 MEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest.

Peace, drums !

[*Within.*]

Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be :

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

⁶ And, STICKLER like,] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants in duels, when victory could be determined without more bloodshed : this is the only allusion to them in Shakespeare. They carried sticks, which they interposed ; and hence the word.

SCENE X.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home: here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!⁷
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—*Hector's dead*:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

⁷ and SMILE at Troy!] So all the old copies, 4to. and folio. Sir T. Hanmer read "*smile* at Troy"; and the passage has occasioned much dispute among commentators. The gods were, perhaps, to smile at Troy in derision, after the loss of Hector.

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away ;
 Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet,—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight⁸ upon our Phrygian plains, "
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And, thou great-siz'd
 coward,
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates :
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go :
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and the Trojan Forces.*

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,

PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker, lackey ! ignomy and shame,⁹
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[*Exit TROILUS.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—O !
 world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised.
 O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work,
 and how ill requited ! why should our endeavour be so
 loved, and the performance so loathed ? What verse for
 it ? what instance for it ?—Let me see.—

⁸ Thus proudly FIGHT—] *i.e.*, *Pitch'd*, which, in fact, is the word in the 4tos. : all the folios have *pight*.

⁹ —ignomy AND shame] The 4tos. have "ignominy, shame", for "ignomy and shame" of the folios. "Respecting *ignomy*, see *Measure for Measure*, act ii, sc. 4, p. 41, etc.

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting ;
 And being once subdued in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.¹

As many as be here of Pander's Hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall ;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.²
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.

¹ —in your PAINTED CLOTHS.] Painted cloth was tapestry, and its substitute, with which rooms were formerly hanged, and on which were often inscribed various moral texts and maxims. The allusions to *painted cloths* in our old writers are innumerable.

² Some galled GOOSE OF WINCHESTER would hiss:] A "*Winchester goose*", in the time of Shakespeare, was a person afflicted with the disease usually caught in the stews of Southwark ; near which the bishops of Winchester had a residence, and the Globe theatre was situated.

CORIOLANUS.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

CAIUS MARCIUS, *afterwards* CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother of Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and Attendants.

SCENE : partly in Rome ; and partly in the Territories of the
Volscians and Antiates.

¹ There is no known 4to. of this drama ; and it first appeared in the folio of 1623, without any list of characters, either there or in the later folios : Rowe first supplied the deficiency in his earliest edition of 1709.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of angry Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away! away!

Second Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the

abjectness of our misery,² is as an inventory to particularise their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes : for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Second Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first : he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Second Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

First Cit. Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Second Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Second Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations : he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within*]. What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol !

² —the ABJECTNESS of our misery,] For “the *object* of our misery” in the folios : the emendation is almost self-evident.

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Second Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

Second Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

Second Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack! You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you ; and you slander
The helms o' thè state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

Second Cit. Care for us ? — True, indeed !—They ne'er
cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses
crammed with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support
usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act established against
the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up
and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they
will ; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale : it may be, you have heard it ;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

Second Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir ; yet you must not
think to fob off our disgrace with a tale ; but, an't please
you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

Second Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
T' the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

Second Cit. Your belly's answer ? What !
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then ?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks !—what then ? what then ?

Second Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then ?

Second Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you ;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

Second Cit. Y' are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :—
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop*

*Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark me,—*

Second Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

Second Cit. It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

Second Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

Second Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! *They say?*
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go ; get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger in haste.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here. What 's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't : then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators ;
JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us ;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility ;
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What ! art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :
Follow Cominius ; we must follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Marcius !

First Sen. Hence ! To your homes ! be gone.

[To the Citizens.]

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volscs have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and MENEN.
Citizens *steal away*.]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him : he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first ; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.³

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

³ Of his DEMERITS rob Cominius.] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning in English.

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:—

[*Reads*].

They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west. The dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you.
Consider of it.

First Sen. Our army's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was

To take in many towns,⁴ ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Second Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands.
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O ! doubt not that ;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more ;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

First Sen. Farewell.

Second Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An apartment in Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. They sit them down on
two low stools, and sew.⁵*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in
a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I

⁴ To TAKE IN many towns,] To *take in* is to *subdue*. It was used
in this sense by writers of the time of Shakespeare.

⁵ *They sit them down, etc.*] The words of the old stage-direction.

should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

*Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome.* His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. *His bloody brow ?* O, Jupiter ! no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword's contemning.⁶—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gentlewoman.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest housekeepers.
What are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith.—
How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 'tis a
very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wed-

⁶ At Grecian sword's CONTEMNING] In the old copies *contemning*
is *contenning* : the emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and it has
been generally accepted.

nesday half an hour together : he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; caught it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O ! I warrant, how he mammocked it !

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.⁷

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors ?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie ! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come ; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Vol. You would be another Penelope ; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come : I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

⁷ A CRACK, madam.] A *crack* means a *boy* generally : here it is to be taken for a brave, forward boy.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O ! good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you : there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ?

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volscs have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady : as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news :—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So; the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town!

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he;
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Distant alarum.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it:

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave

Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows :
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter
MARCIVS enraged.*⁸

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you.
You shames of Rome ! unheard of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !
All hurt behind ! backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you : look to't ; come on :
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches : follow !

⁸ *Re-enter MarcivS ENRAGED.*] The stage-direction of the old copy is, "*Enter MarcivS cursing.*" In the second line of his speech, "*unheard of boils and plagues*" is the emendation of the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*you herd of boils and plagues*" of the folios.

Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope :—now prove good seconds.
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates and is shut in.]

First Sol. Fool-hardiness ! not I.

Second Sol. Nor I.

Third Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.]

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates : he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost, Marcius,⁹
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,

⁹ Thou art LOST, Marcius :] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "Thou art left", of all the old editions : there can be no doubt about it.

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, and assaulted by the Enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir!

Lart. O, 'tis Marcus!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City pell-mell.]

SCENE V.—*Within Corioli. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Second Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[Alarum afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not ;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well :
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords. Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— [Exit MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, as in retreat.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought ! we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends :—the Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice !—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news ?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late ?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS, bloody and breathless.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O ! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors !
How is't with Titus Lartius ?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees :
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other ;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
Where is he ? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague !—Tribunes for them ?)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think it¹—
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

¹ I do not think IT—] *It* is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and clearly necessary : the small word had accidentally dropped out ; for why should the hero say merely that he did not think ?

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march before ;²
 And I shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclin'd. [Shout.]

Com. March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So ; let the ports be guarded : keep your duties,
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
 For a short holding : if we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
 Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS, severally.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
 Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :

² Please you to march BEFORE ;] So the Corr. fol. 1632, instead of "Please you to march, and four" of the old editions.

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy.³ Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd : for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of*
AUFIDIUS.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt all, fighting.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one
side, COMINIUS and Romans ; at the other side, MAR-
CIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er thy this day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds ; but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,

³ More than thy fame *I* envy.] *I* is "&" in the folio 1623, but amended in the Corr. folio 1632.

I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more : where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier !—*
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general !
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done ;—that's what I can ; induc'd
As you have been ;—that's for my country :
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving : Rome must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS! MARCIUS!
casting up their caps and lances : COMINIUS and
LARTIUS stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more : when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ;
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silks,
Let them be made a coverture for the wars !⁴
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

⁴ Let them be made A COVERTURE for the wars !] So the Corr. fol. 1632 ; and *silk* being amended to the plural, the sense of a puzzling passage seems sufficiently cleared.

Com. Too modest are you :
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles ;
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Shouts, trumpets and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no ; howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me : I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly ;
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody ;
with him two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition !—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee : so often hast thou beat me ;

And would do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour, poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him,
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury,⁵ shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart.—Go you to the city :
Learn how 'tis held ; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove : I pray you
('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]

⁵ EMBARQUEMENTS all of fury,] *Embarquements* is to be taken here in the sense of *embargo*, hindrances or impediments.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.**Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.**Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.*Bru.* Good or bad?*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.*Men.* Pray you, whom does the wolf love?*Sic.* The lamb.*Men.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.*Bru.* He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men : tell me one thing that I shall ask you.*Both Trib.* Well, sir.*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.*Sic.* Especially in pride.*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.*Men.* This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured?*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir ; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your dispositions the reins and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone : for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wonderful single : your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O ! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O, that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't : said to be something imperfect, in favouring the thirst complaint ;⁶ hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion ; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning : what I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your

⁶ —favouring the THIRST complaint ;] An indisputable emendation in the Corr. fol. 1632, for "first complaint" of the old copies. See Menenius' allusion to *drink* just afterwards.

worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables ; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too ? What harm can your bisson conspectuities⁷ glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

Bru. Come, sir, come ; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs : you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. —When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so

⁷ —BISSON conspectuities,] "*Bisson*", *blind* ; from the Sax. *bison*.

honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, etc.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—[*Throwing it up.*] Ho! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health: in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but

empiric physic,⁸ and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows:⁹ Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too; I 'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so 'fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he

⁸ —is but EMPIRIC PHYSIC,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for the absurd misprint in the folios, *emperick-qutique*.

⁹ On 's brows:] This is Volumnia's answer to the question, "Brings 'a victory in his pocket?" It is clear from what is said subsequently that Coriolanus was not wounded on his brows.

wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish within.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Com.

Look, sir, your mother!

Cor.

O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneeling.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ; [*Raising him.*
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it ? Coriolanus must I call thee ?
But O ! thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah ! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ?—O my sweet lady, pardon !

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn :—O ! welcome home ;
And welcome, general ;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy. Welcome !
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three
That Rome should dote on ; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors !
We call a nettle but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on !

Cor. Your hand,—and yours :
[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited ;
 From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,
 But with them charge of honours.

Vol.

I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy :
 Only there's one thing wanting, which, I doubt not,
 But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor.

Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than sway with them in theirs.

Com.

On, to the Capitol !

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*

The two Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
 Are spectacled to see him : your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
 While she cheers him :¹ the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions, all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

¹ While she CHEERS him :] Misprinted "*chats* him", in the folios—
 an easy misprint set right in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours ;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility ;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O ! he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, at our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that to his power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms ; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't ; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd ; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made

A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come ; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships ?

Second Off. Three, they say ; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Second Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore ; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people

is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

Second Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country ; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him : he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscs, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom We meet here, both to thank and to remember With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off :
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly ;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to retire.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon :
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir ; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit.

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'erpressed Roman, and in the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field ; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;

And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem : his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his ;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man !

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world : he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards

His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble :
Let him be called for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't :
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that ? [*Aside to SICINIUS.*]

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus :

Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose :—to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Exeunt* Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

Second Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do : for if he show us
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues
into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us
his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance
of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude
to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ;

of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Second Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Second Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Second Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS behind.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes.

He's to make his requests by particulars ; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right : have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't ?

Cor. What must I say ?
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—*Look sir ;—my wounds ;—*
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods !
You must not speak of that : you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ? Hang 'em !
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all :
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Re-enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.—
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

First Cit. We do, sir : tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Second Cit. Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

First Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

First Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

Second Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—

I have your alms: adieu.

First Cit. But this is something odd.

Second Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*]

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your
voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary
gown.

Third Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country,
and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Third Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you
have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved
the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

Fourth Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices; and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolless toge² should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

² Why in this WOOLLESS toge] Always printed *woolvish* toge until the discovery of the Corr. fol. 1632, where *woolvish* is incontrovertibly amended to our text: till then it was never even guessed.

To one that would do thus.—I am half through :
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen—and heard of ; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more :
Your voices ; indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

Sixth Cit. Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor.

Worthy voices !

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice : remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor.

Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic.

There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do : and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter several Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ! have you chose this man ?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Second Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit.

Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech : he did not mock
us.

Second Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All.

No, no ; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show
in private ;

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he : *aged custom*,

*But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore. When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices
I have no farther with you.—Was not this mockery ?*

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal ; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

Second Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections ; and that, your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,³
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought

³ And Censorinus, darling of the people,] It is evident that something is here wanting ; for "And nobly nam'd so", etc., cannot apply to Publius nor Quintus, but does apply to Censorinus, who is the very person mentioned in North's *Plutarch*, from which, in fact, this speech is taken. The line we have quoted was therefore inserted by Pope to make sense of the passage.

To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances ; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing⁴ with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on ;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Bru. Let them go on :
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol !
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ SCALING his present bearing] *Scaling* means balancing or weighing. Shakespeare not unfrequently uses the verb *to scale* in the sense of weighing, comparing, or balancing : see, especially, *Measure for Measure*, act iii, sc. 1, and the expression "the corrupt deputy scaled :" p. 56.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volscies stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance. [*Offering to go.*

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot :
The people cry you mock'd them : and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence ?

Bru. How ! I inform them ?

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul ? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd.—Set on.—This paltering
Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those meazels,⁵
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what ! his choler ?

Cor. Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

⁵ —against those MEAZELS,] A *meazel*, or *measle*, in old English was equivalent to a *leper*. - It is so used by Chaucer.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*

O, good but most unwise patricians!⁶ why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your impotence: if none, revoke
Your dangerous bounty. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench

⁶ O, GOOD but most unwise patricians!] The folios all read "O God!" etc. There can be little doubt that Theobald was right in altering it to "O! good." It so stands in the Corr. fol. 1632, as well as *impotence* for *ignorance*, *revoke* for *awake*, and *bounty* for *lenity*: they are excellent emendations; and when, on the very next page, we see *bisson multitude* substituted for the nonsense of *bosom multiplied*, we can hardly doubt the fitness of the other proposed changes of the text in this scene on the same authority.

Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base ; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well ; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates : this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words :—*We did request it ;*

*We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.* Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears ; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose : therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body⁷ with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue : let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,

⁷ To JUMP a body] Steevens appositely quoted P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, b. xxv, c. 5, to show that "to jump" here means to *risk*. It was of old often used in that sense.

Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes,
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench? In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people [*exit* Ædile]; in whose name,
myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Ædile, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles !

Cit. Down with him ! down with him ! [*Several speak.*

Other Sen. Weapons ! weapons ! weapons !

[*They all crowd and bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens !—what ho !—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

All. Peace, peace, peace ! Stay, hold, peace !

Men. What is about to be ?—I am out of breath ;
Confusion's near : I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people !—Coriolanus, patience :—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me ! people, peace !

Cit. Let's hear our tribune :—Peace ! Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at a point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word :
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace !

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting :
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword !—Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius ; help,
You that be noble ; help him, young and old !

Cit. Down with him ! down with him !

*[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the People, are beaten in.]*

Men. Go, get you to your house : be gone, away !
All will be nought else. *[To CORIOLANUS.]*

Second Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast ;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

First Sen. The gods forbid !

I prythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol !—

Men. Be gone ;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue :
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.]

First Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A tumultuous noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!

Second Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the ven-
geance,
Could he not speak them fair?

[*Re-enter* BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.]

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no farther harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but our danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death : therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O! he's a limb that has but a disease :
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country :
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.⁸

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

⁸ This is clean KAM.] i. e. "Merely awry", as Brutus just afterwards interprets it : Cotgrave translates *Tout va à contrepoil*, *All goes clean contrary*, quite kam. Shakespeare alone uses it as kam; other writers give it as kim-kam : the word very rarely occurs.

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our Ædiles smote ?—ourselves resisted ?—come !

Men. Consider this :—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace,⁹ to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. — We'll attend you
there ;
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.—
Let me desire your company [*To the Senators.*] He
must come.
Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ IN PEACE,] These two words are, by clear error, inserted twice over, with the interval of a line, in the folio 1623 : we omit them in the first instance, as mere surplusage.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Coriolanus's House.**Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears : present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA, coming slowly forward.

First Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals ; things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war.—I talk of you : [To VOL.
Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, son, son, son !
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. • Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition,¹ if

¹ The THWARTINGS of your disposition,] The old copies have

You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor.

Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come ; you have been too rough, something
too rough :

You must return, and mend it.

First Sen.

There's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol.

Pray be counsell'd.

I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,²
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men.

Well said, noble woman.

Before he should thus stoop to the herd,³ but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor.

What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

things for thwartings, introduced by Theobald. Just above, the folio 1623 has *sir* three times repeated, instead of *son*, which must have been the mother's word, and is found in the Corr. fol. 1632.

² To brook control without the use of anger,] This necessary line, omitted in the old copies, is derived from the Corr. fol. 1632.

³ Before he should thus stoop to the HERD,] Another amendment by Theobald : the folios have *heart* for *herd*.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not (which for your best ends
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak⁴
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,

⁴ —it lies you on to speak] *i.e.*, It is your business to speak: see a corresponding expression in *King Richard II*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 49: it was by no means unusual.

Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady !—
Come, go with us : speak fair ; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves : but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours ;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd ; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place ; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence : all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce ?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ?—Well, I will do it :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place !
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son : as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice, then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But ow'st thy pride thyself.

Cor.

Pray, be content:

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery farther.

Vol.

Do your will.

[*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd

With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly* :—pray you let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home ; that he affects
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;⁵
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed—

Enter an Ædile.

What ! will he come ?

Æd. He 's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready.

⁵ —his ENVY to the people ;] *Envy* was of old often used in the sense of *hatred* : we have had examples of it ; see *Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1, p. 71, and this tragedy, act i, sc. 8, etc.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd.

I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*,
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd.

I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd.

Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru.

Go ; about it.— [*Exit* Ædile.]

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his mouth⁶
Of contradiction : being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, accompanied by MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

⁶ —to have his MOUTH] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for *worth* of the folios : it means, to have full liberty to contradict : to give a restive horse his *mouth* is a well-known expression in equitation, and the whole sentence refers to horsemanship.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

First Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience : peace ! I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present ?
Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens ! he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars ;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well ; no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then ; 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! traitor ?

Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ?—Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock ! to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I will know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my carriage⁷ for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, *good morrow*.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power ; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it ; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,

⁷ Nor check my CARRIAGE] *i. e.*, *Deportment*: as in *King Henry VI*, Pt. III, act ii, sc. 2, p. 35, where, as here, *carriage* is misprinted *courage* in the folios. Coriolanus would hardly, and especially at such a moment, vaunt his *courage*.

Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so : let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends ;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.

I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins ; then, if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said ; but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so : it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders ; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not till it feels)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, *and* Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banished! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,
As he hath followed you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.—The beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle-minded,^s craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly, though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen

^s —gentle-MINDED,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for gentle-wounded.

Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,⁹

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while : determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods !

Com. I'll follow thee a month ; devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd : bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come ; let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years

⁹ My FIRST son,] *First* is here to be taken in the sense of *noblest*,
or *best* ; possibly, it is only a misprint.

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no farther.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O! y' are well met. The hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requite your love!

Men.

Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*

Vir. You shall stay, too. [*To SICIN.*] I would I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?¹

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come: peace!

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Curs, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

¹ Are you MANKIND?] *i. e.*, Are you of the *male sex*; are you masculine? See *The Winter's Tale*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 39.

As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well ; we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat : I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, [To VIRG.
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet ?

Vol. Nicanor ? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you ; but your favour is well approved by your tongue.² What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there : you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so : they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again ; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished ?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now : I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius

² —well APPROVED by your tongue.] *Approved* is *appeared* in the old copies, but amended in the Corr. folio 1632.

will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

Vol. A most royal one : the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir : I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*³

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

³ —*disguised and muffled.*] The old stage-direction.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is; and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell.
[*Exit* Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed,⁴ whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy-town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

⁴ Whose HOUSE, whose bed,] "Whose *houres*, whose bed", in the

Enter a second Servant.

Second Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
—Cotus! *[Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are
you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. *[Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter the second Servant.

Second Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions?⁵ Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Second Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now th'art troublesome.

Second Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant; the first meeting him.

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

folios, but amended in the Corr. fol. 1632, incontrovertibly. So also
lower down, "My birth-place *hate* I", and not "*have* I" as in the old
editions: the last was conjectured by Capel.

⁵ —that he gives entrance to such COMPANIONS?] *Companion* was
often used in Shakespeare's time derogatorily, as indeed Aufidius' ser-
vant uses *fellow* just afterwards.

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you.—Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushing him away.*]

Third Serv. What, will you not?—Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Second Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence!
[*Beating him.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Second Serv. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*The Servants retire.*]

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]

Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth : not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee ; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee,⁶ that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice ;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

O Marcius, Marcius !

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

⁶ A heart of WREAK in thee,] *i. e.*, A heart of *revenge*; from the Sax. *vræcan*, to revenge.

Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, '*Tis true* ; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scared the moon with splinters! Here I clip⁷
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married : never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't : thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me :
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O ! come ; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,

⁷ Here I CLIP] *i. e.*, Here I embrace. *Clip* was in frequent use :
see *The Winter's Tale*, act v, sc. 2, p. 114, etc.

Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission ; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways ;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

First Serv. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

Second Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me his clothes
made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has ! He turned me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Second Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,
—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so ; looking as it were,—Would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I
could think.

Second Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn : he is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is ; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Second Serv. Who ? my master ?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Second Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so, neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Second Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

Third Serv. O, slaves ! I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

First and Second Serv. What, what, what ? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Second Serv. Wherefore ? wherefore ?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say *thwack our general* ?

Third Serv. I do not say *thwack our general* ; but he was always good enough for him.

Second Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't : before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Second Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears.⁸ He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.⁹

Second Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, (look you, sir) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.¹

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall

⁸ —SOWLE the porter of Rome gates by the ears:] To "sowl by the ears" is to pull by the ears, a word still in use in the provinces.

⁹ —and leave his passage POLLED.] *i.e.*, *Bared*, taken from *polling* or *baring* the head.

¹ —whilst he's in DIRECTITUDE.] "In *dejectitude*" says the Corr. fol. 1632, but doubtfully.

have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Second Serv. Why, then, we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of event.² Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muddled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

Second Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt in haste.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame, i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,

² —full of EVENT.] Merely *vent* in the old editions; where "muddled" is also *mulled*: *mulled* wine is *muddled* wine.

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.—Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbours.³

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

³ GOOD-DEN, our neighbours.] Respecting *good-den*, see *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 48.

Cit. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.⁴

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it ; and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volscs with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;

⁴ Without ASSISTANCE.] Here, for the sake of patching the purposely irregular measure, some modern commentators would import a new word into our language by reading *assistancy*. Such attempts are worse than futile ; and near the opening of this scene, they actually add a new speech to their new word.

Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising:
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,

Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,⁵
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O ! you have made good work.

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

⁵ He and Aufidius can no more ATONE,] *i.e.*, *At one* or *agree* : see
As you like it, act v, sc. 4, p. 99, etc.

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If!
He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes men better ; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. . You have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the legions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they

Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charged him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair hands,
You and your handicrafts have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Sic. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a number of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter :
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said *banish him*, I said 'twas pity.

Second Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I ; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best ; and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. Y' are goodly things, you voices !

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry !—Shall 's to the Capitol ?

Com. O ! ay, what else ? *[Exeunt COM. and MEN.]*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home ; be not dismay'd :
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us !—Come, masters, let 's
home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished
him.

Second Cit. So did we all. But come, let 's home.
[Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray, let us go. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp ; at a short distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless by using means I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him : yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him ; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators and patricians love him too.
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.⁶ First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war ; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time,
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a cheer⁷
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;

⁶ By sovereignty of nature.] Alluding to the power of fascination, as regards fish, formerly attributed to the osprey.

⁷ —as a CHEER] The Corr. fol. 1632 has *cheer* for *chair*.

Rights by rights founder,⁸ strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away! When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and
 Others.

Men. No, I'll not go:—you hear what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
 But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men.

Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to; forbad all names:
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

⁸ Rights by rights FOUNDER,] The old copies read "Rights by rights *fouler*", which is nonsense. The Corr. fol. 1632 substitutes "Rights by rights *suffer*"; but we have ventured to prefer *founder*, as nearer the text. The whole passage has caused much dispute.

Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes, that have wreck'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap, a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected : he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well : could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. *For one poor grain or two ?*

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too ; we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient : if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well ; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? say 't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not dined :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore, I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will : you shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said *Rise* ; dismiss'd me

Thus, with his speechless hand ; what he would do,
 He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :⁹
 So that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother and his wife,
 Who as I hear mean to, solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards
 at their stations.*¹

Enter MENENIUS.

First Guard. Stay ! Whence are you ?

Second Guard. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men : 'tis well ; but, by your leave,
 I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

First G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

First G. You may not pass ; you must return : our
 general

Will no more hear from thence.

Second G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
 before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

⁹ Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:] The rather obscure meaning appears to be, that Coriolanus bound himself by an oath that Rome should yield to his conditions.

¹ *The Guards at their stations.*] The simple old stage-direction is, "*Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.*"

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,²
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius,

First G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever magnified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing.³ Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should
not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to
live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your general.

Second G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say
you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say
you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

² —it is lots to blanks,] In other words, "it is everything to nothing"; or, perhaps, prizes to blanks.

³ Have almost stamp'd the LEASING.] *Leasing* is *lying*. Menenius means, that he has almost given the stamp of truth to what was false.

First G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the queasy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Second G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering:

behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [To COR.] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [Giving a paper.
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

First G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Second G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

First G. Do you hear how we are shent⁴ for keeping your greatness back.

Second G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, *Away!* [*Exit.*

First G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Second G. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and* Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper; no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

⁴ Do you hear how we are SHENT—] *Shent* is *reproved, rebuked*: see *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i, sc. 4, p. 20, etc.

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him ; for whose old love, I have
 (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept : to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more, a very little
 I have yielded to : fresh embassies and suits,
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shouts within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.⁵

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading
 young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then, the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
 The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature break !
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
 What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod ; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which

⁵ I will not.] Instead of leaving this resolution to be conveyed by the emphatic "I will not", one modern editor would thrust in "I"—"I will not, I"; and another "ha"! merely to eke out the line of ten syllables. It almost warrants the wish that they had not had ten fingers to count the measure upon.

Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O ! a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,⁶
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [*Kneeling*.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneeling*.

Cor. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?

⁶ I PRATE,] The old copy, "I *pray*". The alteration was by Theobald, and it has ever since been adopted.

Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded⁷ by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself. [*Presenting the Boy.*]

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy !

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace ;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before :
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

⁷ That's CURDED—] Old editions, *curdied*, which may possibly
have been misprinted for *curdled*.

Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O ! no more, no more !
You have said you will not grant us anything ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
Alas ! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win ; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir.

Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy.

'A shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,

[*Aside.*

Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.—

I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol.

Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscres whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscres
May say, *This mercy we have show'd* ; the Romans,
This we received ; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son !
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur⁸ with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you ;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to 's mother ; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back ; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees. [*Kneeling.*]

⁸ And yet to CHARGE thy sulphur—] The old copy has *change*.
The correction was made by Warburton ; but it is needless to point
out other small literal emendations.

To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
 This is the last ;—so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold !
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

[*Rising.*]

[*He takes VOLUMNIA by the hand, and is a while silent.*]

Cor. O mother, mother !

What have you done ? Behold ! the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother ! mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
 But, for your son,—believe it, O ! believe it,—
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. [*Aside*]. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.⁹ [*The Ladies make signs to COR.*

Cor. Ay, by and by.

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, etc.*

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear [*To AUF.*

A better witness back than words, which we

On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us.—Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you : all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol ; yond' corner-
stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his mother, may prevail with him : but I say there
is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced, and stay upon
execution.

⁹ Myself a FIRMER fortune.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*former*
fortune" of the folios ; but the *former* fortune of Aufidius had not been
happy : he had been repeatedly defeated.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger: that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house. The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevailed,

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting, etc., again.]*

Men. This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land-full. You have pray'd well to-day:

This morning for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and music within.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city.

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic.
And help the joy.

We will meet them,
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.¹—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People, and pass over the stage.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry—*Welcome, ladies, welcome!*—

All.
Welcome!

Welcome, ladies!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Public Place in Corioli.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

¹ SCENE V.] Not so marked in any of the folios, but three modern editors have so divided it, and they are probably right: the managers of our ancient, and ill-furnished stage avoided the separation of scenes as often as they could at all conveniently.

Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators, friends of AUFIDIUS.
Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Second Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell :
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth : who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and to this end
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and fierce.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth ;

Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
 Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
 In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
 In mine own person; help to reap the fame
 Which he did in all his;² and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong; till, at the last,
 I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
 He waged me with his countenance,³ as if
 I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
 The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
 When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
 For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it;
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
 At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
 Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets, with loud and continued shouts.*]

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
 And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
 Splitting the air with noise.

² Which he did IN all his;] To *in* a harvest was, and still is, technical. The word was so used in the old drama *Respublica*, written before the reign of Elizabeth, "The harvest is not *inned* without pains-taking." The old text has been "Which he did *end* all his."

³ He WAGED me with his countenance,] *i. e.*, He paid me, or remunerated me, like a mercenary, with his countenance.

Second Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of Corioli.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear't.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd of
Citizens following him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans ; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius,

Cor. *Marcus !*

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius : dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city, Rome,
(I say your city), to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. *Boy!* O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—*Boy!* False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—*Boy!*

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

All the Conspirators. Let him die for 't.

All People. Tear him to pieces ! do it presently. He
killed my son :—my daughter :—he killed my cousin Mar-
cus :—he killed my father !—

Second Lord. Peace, ho !—no outrage :—peace !
This man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O ! that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls : AUFIDIUS stands
upon him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus !—

Second Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet.—

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

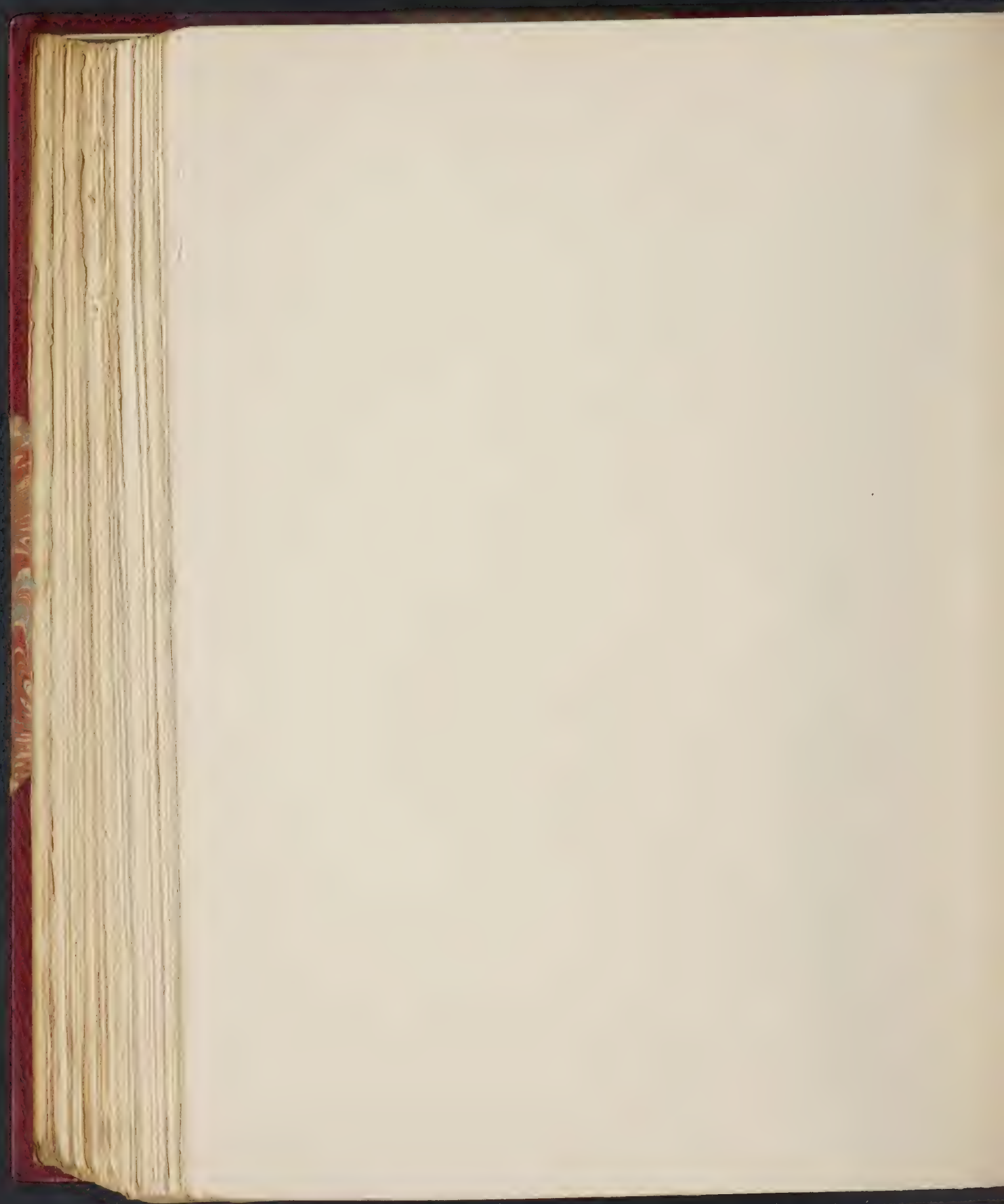
First Lord. Bear from hence his body ;
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Second Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ;
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [Excunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march.



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus ; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

SEMPRONIUS,
CAIUS,
VALENTINE,

} *Kinsmen to Titus.*

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown ; Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome ; and the surrounding Country.

¹ This tragedy was printed in 4to. in 1600 and 1611, and perhaps earlier, although no such edition is known : it follows *Coriolanus* in the folio 1623, and in the later folios. A list of the characters was first prefixed by Rowe in 1709.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drums and colours.

Sat. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, conscience, and nobility;²

² To justice, CONSCIENCE, and nobility;] So the Corr. fol. 1632:
the old editions have *continence*, which was not in question.

But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy³
In thy uprightness and integrity ;
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the brazen gates,⁴ and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with
Senators, MARCUS, etc.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way ! The good Andronicus,

³ —so I do AFFY] To “*affy in*” is to *trust to*, to have confidence in : Shakespeare employs “*to affy*” in *King Henry VI*, Pt. II, act iv, sc. I, p. 81, and there it means *to betroth*.

⁴ Open the BRAZEN gates,] The epithet *brazen* is from the Corr. fol. 1632 : the measure is thus preserved on authority.

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,
 From whence⁵ he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums, trumpets, etc. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, and Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the coffin.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning weeds!⁶
 Lo! as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
 Returns with precious lading to the bay
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
 Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,

⁵ From WHENCE—] So the 4tos. 1600 and 1611: the earlier of the two has only been recently discovered.

⁶ —in MY mourning weeds!] It is "*thy* mourning weeds" in the old copies, but clearly wrong. In the next line, *her* is misprinted *his*.

With burial amongst their ancestors :
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*The tomb is*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, *opened.*
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones ;
That so their shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren !—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O ! think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O ! if to fight for king and common weal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is marked; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen).
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, *with*
their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets are sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here⁷
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Enter LAVINIA, who kneels.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome :
O ! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

⁷ —repose you here] The old copies here add, pleonastically, and redundantly, *in rest.*

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,
and Others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with acclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince : I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes hear !
I ask your voices, and your suffrages :
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :

Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say,—*Long live our Emperor Saturnine!*

[*A flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord.
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;

[*To TAMORA.*

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue [*Aside.*
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance : [*To her.*
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir ! Are you in earnest, then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor silently courts TAMORA.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS stabs MUTIUS.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice ?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his followers ; TAMORA,
and her Sons ; AARON and Goths.*⁸

⁸ Aaron and Goths.] It is, perhaps, impossible to understand all the arrangements of this scene in the rude imperfection of the old stage, for which the drama was written.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus! see, O see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,

That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome.—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is ;

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Mar. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.⁹

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended ;
TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON : at the
other side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir : you are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life :
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is, in opinion and in honour, wrong'd ;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.

⁹ Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.] This line is only in the folios, where it is erroneously assigned to Titus.

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord : the gods of Rome forefend
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to SAT.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats : and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
[*Aloud*] Come, come, sweet emperor ;—come, Andronicus ;—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise : my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
[*They kneel.*]

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not : trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace :
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults :
Stand up. [*They rise.*]

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come ; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets sound, and exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora.—

Upon her will¹ doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress ;
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.—
Holla ! what storm is this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving each other.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :

¹ Upon her WILL] *Will* of the Corr. fol. 1632, is *wit* in the old copies—a certain error.

I am as able, and as fit, as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs !² these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy ; grow ye so brave ? *[They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords !

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge :
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns ;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame ! put up.

Dem. Not I ; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom ; and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

² Clubs, clubs !] The usual exclamation of apprentices when a riot occurred in the streets of London.

Aar. Away, I say !
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right ?
What ! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?
Young lords, beware !—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world :
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her !—How ?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;³

³ She is a woman, therefore may be won ;] These two lines, with a slight change, are found in *Henry VI*, Pt. I, act v, sc. 3, p. 94 ; and the second line is inserted in Robert Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585, and in his *Orpharion*, 1599. Ritson inferred that *Henry VI*, Pt. I,

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,⁴ we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,

and *Titus Andronicus*, might be by the same author, and that author,
Greene. It seems more than probable.

⁴ —to steal a SHIVE,] A *shive* or *sheeve* (as it is sometimes spelt)
is a slice.

You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love :
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must ye pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come ; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, *etc.* MARCUS,
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,⁵
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride ;
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[Horns wind a peal.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Hunters, *etc.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty :—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then : horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. *[To TAMORA.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,

⁵ —bright and gay] This speech is rhyme in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound ;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A lonely Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[Hiding the gold.]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies coiled⁶ in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground.

⁶ The snake lies COILED] *Coiled*, of the Corr. folio 1632, is tamely printed *rolled* in the old, and in some modern editions.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus :
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more ; we are espied :
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps !
Had I the power that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds
Should dine upon⁷ thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

⁷ Should DINE upon] It is "*drive* upon" in the 4tos. and folios,
but *dine* in the Corr. fol. 1632. The emendation cannot be doubted.

Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequestered from all your train ?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,

Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,

And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love :

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long ;

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother !

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see it is ;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful misletoe.

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven :

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,⁸
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death :
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis !—nay, barbarous Tamora !
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard : you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her :
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted shape she braves your might :
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

⁸ —URCHINS,] *i. e.*, *Hedgehogs*. The word *urchin* (*echinus*) was also sometimes used for an evil spirit, or malignant fairy.

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, ye both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak : away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
O ! do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble ;
Even at the teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To* CHIRON.

Chi. What ! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now !
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
O ! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means.—Away with her !

Lav. O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long:
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her
husband: [Dragging off LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Throwing in the body of BASSIANUS. *Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. *[Exit.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*⁹

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you : were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport, to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.

Quin. What ! art thou fallen ?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O, brother ! with the dismal'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. *[Aside.]* Now will I fetch the king to find them
here ;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother. *[Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;

⁹ *Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.]* This has been usually marked as a new scene, but erroneously : there was no supposed change of place, and the old copies are uniform.

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints :
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O ! tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,¹⁰
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother ! help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. [*Pulling him.*]
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

¹⁰ —the dead man's EARTHY cheeks,] The 4to. 1600, has *earthy* :
the 4to. 1611, and folio, *earthly*.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more : I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [*Falling in.*

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me : I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound :
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*]

An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning : look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps [*To TIT.*] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What ! are they in this pit ? O wondrous thing !
How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed ;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer this suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, and
others, with the body of BASSIANUS.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished ;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas cut out thy tongue,¹ and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Wind Horns. *Enter* MARCUS, from hunting.

¹ Who 'twas cut OUT thy tongue,] In the old text the hasty compositor blundered between *cut* and *out*, and printed merely "*that* cut thy tongue."

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As have thy love?² Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;

² As HAVE thy love?] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "As *halfe* thy love" of the old copies. Small errors are frequent in this play.

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee :
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O ! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life ;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy,³
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come ; let us go, and make thy father blind,
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [Exeunt.

ACT III.SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing to the place of execution ; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble Tribunes, stay !

³ —IN MINSTRELSY,] These words are from the Corr. fol. 1632.

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed :
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*⁴

My heart's deep anguish in my soul's sad tears.⁵
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, etc., with the Prisoners.*

O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,⁶
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

⁴ Throwing himself on the ground.] The old stage-direction is, "Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him."

⁵ My heart's deep ANGUISH, IN my soul's sad tears.] This is as the line stands amended in the Corr. fol. 1632, for "My heart's *languor and*" of the early impressions.

⁶ —these two ancient URNS,] "Ancient *ruins*" in the old copies : Sir T. Hanmer proposed the judicious change.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! O, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father! you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me: yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these. [*Rising.*
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thine aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O ! that delightful engine of her thoughts,⁷
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O ! say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O ! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow, wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wreched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me ; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,

⁷ O ! that delightful engine of her thoughts,] In Shakespeare's
Venus and Adonis we have the following line :—

“Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began.”

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus ; ah ! son Lucius, look on her :
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows not yet dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of farther misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O! what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?⁸
O! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use it.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off* TITUS'S hand.]

⁸ —on the enemy's CASTLE? "It appears (says Steevens) that a castle signified a close helmet; but here it is not improbably a mere misprint for casque.

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife : what shall be, is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it :
More hath it merited ; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thought of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black, like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. O ! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To* LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then, be my passion bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then, must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then, give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy grief their sport, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now, let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses TITUS.]

Mar. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus:
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control my griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnaw with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight :
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
 The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
 Farewell, proud Rome : till Lucius come again,
 He leaves⁶ his pledges, dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.⁷—*A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
 a Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit ; and look you eat no more

⁶ He LEAVES, etc.] All the old copies, "He loves." Corrected incontrovertibly by Rowe.

⁷ SCENE II.] This scene is not found in the 4to. impressions of 1600 or 1611. It may, possibly, have been by a different hand.

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then, thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,

[*To LAVINIA.*

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah ! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O ! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie ! how frantically I square my talk !

As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says ;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs :
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas ! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?⁸

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

⁸ —with THY knife?] *Thy* is obtained from the second folio : the first folio omits it. In the next line but two, *are* is also wanting in the first folio.

Mar. Alas ! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?
Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir : it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore, I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O !

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah !—
Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.⁹

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*]

⁹ That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.] It seems more than probable that this scene, from where Marcus strikes the dish and kills the fly down to this line, was not acted in the time of the old Corrector of the fol. 1632, for he struck it out with his pen : perhaps it was an interpolation.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS,
running with books, LAVINIA after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!—
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean.
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry, and Tully's *Orator*.

Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth ;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt ;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS had let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia !—Marcus, what means this ?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
What book ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :
My mother gav' t me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !
Help her : what would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see ! note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O! why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, [*He writes his name with his staff, and
guides it with his feet and mouth.*

where I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, guides it
with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

Mar. O ! calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere¹
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it ;²
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back ;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman : Marcus, let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel³ will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind

¹ —as with the woeful FEERE] *Feere*, or *fere*, is *companion*, from the Sax. *fera*.

² —an you knew how TO DO IT ;] The small words "*to do it*" are warranted by the Corr. fol. 1632.

³ And with a GAD of steel—] *i.e.*, A *goad*, *point*, or *dagger* of steel.

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.⁴
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [Exit.]

⁴ No, boy, not so; &c.] One out of innumerable lines in Shakespeare, where eleven syllables were to be pronounced in the time of ten, and the measure thus preserved, without the needless clipping and shortening to which modern editors have resorted. In this respect, however, they are never consistent: sometimes they add, and sometimes omit syllables.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one door ; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What 's the news ?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them*]. May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What 's here ? A scroll, and written round about ?
Let 's see ;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O ! 'tis a verse in Horace. I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay,⁵ by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

⁵ At such a bay,] So in a sonnet in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599,
"Ah! that I had my lady at this bay."

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all, Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone! Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep. What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye, Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.— She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue: Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime. The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal, And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?— Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.⁶

⁶ —thou hast undone.] Here, to the weakening both of the sense and measure, modern editors, without notice, add a syllable "undone her." There is no authority whatever for it.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

Aar. What ! must it, nurse ? then, let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.—
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[Takes the child from the nurse, and draws.]

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This, before all the world, do I prefer ;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.⁷

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.⁸
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light :
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*

⁷ —this IGNOMY.] Both the 4to. copies read *ignomy*; and we have already had it several times used for *ignominy*.

⁸ —fram'd of another LEER :] *i.e.*, Of another *skin* or *complexion* : see *As you like it*, act iv, sc. I, p. 74

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords : when we join in league,
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself ;
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said.—

[*Stabbing her : she screams and dies.*

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore didst thou
this ?

Aar. O lord ! sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far hence Muli lives,⁹ my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

⁹ MULI lives,] Misprinted *Muliteus* in the old copies. The emendation was proposed by Steevens.

Hark ye, lords ; ye see, I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the dead Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me :
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then, let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave ; I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit with Child.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them ; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery :
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.

Terras Astræa reliquit :

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
Happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver him this petition ;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome ! Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd :
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius ! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.¹

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war

¹ —some CAREFUL remedy.] Here modern editors have substituted *easeful* for *careful*, without pretence of authority.

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters ! What !
Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear :
And, sith there's justice nor in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*Giving them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—here, *ad Apollinem* :—

Ad Martem, that's for myself :—

Here, boy, *to Pallas* :—here, *to Mercury* :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy :—Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!²

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain.
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken
them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the
next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with
him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

² O, well SAID, Lucius!] Another instance in which "well said" means "well done", in the language of Shakespeare's day.

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver me an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold!—meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir: I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords and Others ; SATURNINUS, with the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt ?
 My lords, you know, the mightyful gods no less,³
 (However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
 See, here's *to Jove*, and this *to Mercury* ;
 This *to Apollo* ; this *to the god of war* ;
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
 What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice everywhere ?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
 As who would say in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstacies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;

³ —the mightyful gods, NO LESS,] The words *no less*, completing the defective line, are from the Corr. folio 1632. Rowe added *as do*.

But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart ;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick ;
Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe ; the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with us ?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God and saint Stephen give you good
even : I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons
here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, sirrah ; you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged ! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck
to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.
 May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair :
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.—
 For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man ;
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*⁴

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

Æmil. Arm, my lords ! Rome never had more cause.
 The Goths have gather'd head ; and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
 Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
 These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
 'Tis he the common people love so much :
 Myself hath often heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not our city strong ?

⁴ *Enter Æmilius.*] In the old copies, 4to. and folio, he is called
 "Nuntius Æmilius."

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before; be our ambassador: [*To ÆMILIUS.*
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus,

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go incessantly,¹ and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

¹ —INCESSANTLY,] The old copies, 4tos. as well as folios, read *successantly*; the Corr. fol. 1632 has *incessantly*, *i. e.*, without cessation. Perhaps, *successantly* was only a misprint for *successfully*: there is no such word as *successantly* in our language.

Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields;
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him,²

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

Second Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :—
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,*

² And, as he saith, so say we all with him.] This line, in all the old copies, is made the conclusion of the speech of *First Goth*; erroneously, as is clearly shown by the context.

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? not a word ?—
A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder. *[A ladder brought.]*

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; but vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on : and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies

Ruthful to hear, despiteously perform'd :³
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind : I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god :
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not ;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath :—for that, I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !⁴

Aar. Tut ! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus :

³ Ruthful to hear, DESPITEOUSLY perform'd :] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*yet piteously*" of the folios. In this scene there is some confusion in the speakers, which we have rectified.

⁴ O most insatiate, luxurious woman !] Here modern editors thrust *and* into the line without notice, authority, or necessity.

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her ;
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and
'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set :
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay ;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold, within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy, like to his :
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse),
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
Make poor mien's cattle break their necks ;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut ! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil,⁵ for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently. [*Brought down.*]

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

⁵ Bring down the devil ;] Hence we find, not only that the ladder Lucius had called for was brought, but that Aaron was compelled to ascend it, and made his speeches while standing upon it.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius ! what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

First Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March ! away ! [*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come, to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

TITUS *opens his study door*.⁶

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd ; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.⁷

Tit. No ; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action ?
Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines ;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora :
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge ; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

⁶ TITUS *opens his study door*.] From what follows it appears that Titus, in fact, came out into the raised balcony at the back of the stage in our old theatres.

⁷ Titus, I am come to talk with thee.] Here modern editors have thrust *now* into the line : this species of patchwork cannot show how the poet really left the line ; it may have been "Titus, I am *but* come to talk with thee." We give it as it stands in every old copy.

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There 's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo ! by thy side where Rape and Murder stand ;
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge :
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I 'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :⁸
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea :
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

⁸ And find out MURDERERS in their guilty CAVES :] All the old editions (excepting the second folio, which amends *cares* to *caves*) read, "And find out *murder*." Steevens altered *murder* to *murderers*.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are;
And you, the empress: but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaken eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit from above.*]

Tam. This glozing with him⁹ fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS from above.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

⁹ This GLOZING with him] *Glozing* is *closing* in the old copies:
on p. 73 we have already had the word, and in the same sense.

For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him : he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him : he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor :
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us : this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house ?
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. *[Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay ; let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to* DEM. *and* CHL.] What say you, boys ?
will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour ; smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me
mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut ! I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS, and VALENTINE.

Pub. What's your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The empress' sons

I take them ; Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much deceiv'd ;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it : therefore, bind them sure ;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.¹

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, etc., seize CHIR. and DEMET.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths ; let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA ; she bearing
a bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,

¹ And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.] This line is not in the folios, though it is found in both the 4to. editions. Modern editors omit to note the difference in the old copies.

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains! Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin² I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Prognè I will be reveng'd.

² And of the paste a COFFIN—] The raised crust of a pie was formerly called the *coffin*.

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia come ;

[He cuts their throats.]

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.—
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So ; now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Pavilion, with tables, etc.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths ; *with* AARON,
Prisoner, and his Child : Attendants, etc.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.
Let him receive no sustenance ; fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Flourish: exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators,
and Others.*

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young
LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the dishes of meat
upon the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius,
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*Killing LAVINIA.*

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die !

Sat. What hast thou done ? unnatural and unkind !

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.³

Sat. What ! was she ravish'd ? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat ? will 't please your highness
feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius :
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are, both baked in that pie ;

³ To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.] This line is wanting in the folios : both the 4tos. contain it. It is singular that while modern editors often note the most insignificant trifles, they omit to mention this important variation.

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing* TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing* TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Killing* SATURNINUS. *A great tumult. The*
People rush about in confusion. MARCUS and
*LUCIUS ascend an elevation.*⁴

Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O ! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body ;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,⁵
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

⁴ —*ascend an elevation.*] Probably the raised balcony at the back of the old stage was used for the purpose.

⁵ Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,] Modern editors have sometimes given the four first lines of this speech to a Senator, and the rest of it to Marcus. The Corr. fol. 1632 assigns the whole to Marcus, and with sufficient reason : it has been hitherto the most usual course.

Speak, Rome's dear friend ; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy :
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief ;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is our captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend :
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas ! you know I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft ! methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O ! pardon me ;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child :
Of this was Tamora delivered ; [Pointing to it.
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is,⁶ to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of th' Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ! and, if you say, we shall,
Lo ! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come down, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,

⁶ DAMN'D as he is,] The old text "*And*, as he is", is intelligible, and the Corrector of the folio 1632 makes no change ; yet we cannot here refuse Theobald's characteristic emendation.

Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,
The common voice does cry, *It shall be so.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail ! · Rome's royal emperor !—

[LUCIUS and MARCUS descend.]

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,

[To Attendants, *who exeunt.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.—

Lucius, all hail ; Rome's gracious governor ! [Shouts.]

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,⁷—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.—
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O ! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kissing dead TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O ! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy : come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well ;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,

⁷ —GIVE ME AIM awhile,] The usual meaning of “to give aim” is to *direct* ; but here the expression seems employed in the sense of “give me *leave* awhile :” possibly, “give me *air*” (spelt *ayre* in the MS.) may be, as has been suggested, the true text.

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy :
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O lord ! I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes :
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food :
If any one relieves, or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O ! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *The Heads of two hostile Houses.*
CAPULET, }

Uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

LAURENCE, *a Franciscan friar.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

PETER, *Attendant upon Juliet's Nurse.*

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

CHORUS. Boy ; Page to Paris ; an Officer.

Lady MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

Lady CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona ; male and female Relations to both Houses ;
Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona : once, in
Mantua.

¹ This tragedy had been published in 4to. in 1597, 1599, and 1609, before it appeared in the folio of 1623 : it was again printed in 4to. in 1637. It was preceded by no list of persons until Rowe supplied one in 1709. There was an English play upon the story earlier than 1562.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
(Which, but their children's end, nought could remove)
Is now the two-hours' traffic of our stage ;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place in Verona.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, both armed with sword
and buckler.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand : therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. That's true ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall :—therefore, I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ;² I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand ; and, 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou

² —I will be CRUEL with the maids ;] Misprinted *civil* in the old copies, but amended in the Corr. fol. 1632.

hadst been poor John.³ Draw thy tool ; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR, behind.

Sam. My naked weapon is out : quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How ! turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No marry ; I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

[Coming forward.]

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay ?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

³ —poor John.] Dried and salted hake was frequently so called.

Gre. Say—better : here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. (Advancing.) Part, fools ! put up your swords ; you know not what you do. *[Beating down their weapons.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What ! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ? Turn thee, Benvolio ; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace : put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What ! drawn, and talk of peace ? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward. *[TYB. and BEN. fight.]*

Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray ; then enter Citizens, with clubs, etc.

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this ?—Give me my long sword, ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch !—Why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say !—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet !—Hold me not ; let me go.

Lady Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter the Prince, with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew; were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them: in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O ! where is Romeo ?—saw you him to-day ?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you, step aside ;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. *[Coming forward.]* Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz; I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along :
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut ! I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.

Ben. Tell me, in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What ! shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ! why, no ;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will ;
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man !—And she 's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss : she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow : she hath Dian's wit ;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.⁴
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O ! she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,

⁴ —she lives ENCHARM'D.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for *unharm'd* and *uncharm'd* of the old impressions : *encharm'd* is *enchanted*. So, on the preceding page, *puff'd* is *purg'd*.

To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love ; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me ; forget to think of her.

Rom. O ! teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes :
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call her's, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair :
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early married.
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house : hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about [*To the Serv.*
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
Whose names are written there [*giving a paper*], and to
them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Excunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thine eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book; but I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. [Going.]

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; county Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; signior Pla-

centio, and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline, and Livia ; signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

Serv. Up. *[Taking back the paper.]*

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To our house, to supper ?

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. *[Exit.]*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires ;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye ;
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen⁵ be it spoken, I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

⁵ —to my TEEN—] *i.e.*, To my sorrow, as before, not unfrequently.

Lady Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my halidom,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay.*
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it : *Wilt thou not, Fule ?* quoth he ;
And, pretty fool, it stinted,⁶ and said—*Ay*.

Lady Cap. Enough of this : I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay* :
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *Fall'st upon thy face ?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age ;
Wilt thou not, Fule ? it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

Ful. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace !
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady Cap. Marry, that *marry* is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married ?

Ful. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Lady Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger than
you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was your mother, much upon these years

⁶ —it STINTED,] *i. e.*, It *stopped* crying—a then common use of the word : see *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 97.

That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief ;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

Lady Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

Lady Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?
This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen :
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one an other lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
The fish lives in the sea ;⁷ and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger : women grow by men.

Lady Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,

⁷ The fish lives in the sea ; etc.] *i. e.*, Is not yet caught : fish-skin covers to books were anciently not uncommon.

you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch : I am not for this ambling :
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover : borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in : [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor !—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;⁸
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on :
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse,⁹ the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho !

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

⁸ Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;] Alluding, of course, to the rushes with which apartments were anciently strewn.

⁹ Tut ! DUN'S the mouse,] We meet with this expression in many old comic writers. The next line, "If thou art *dun*, we'll draw thee from the *mire*", refers to the boisterous Christmas gambol of *Dun is in the mire*, also often mentioned.

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night?

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a counsellor's nose,¹⁰
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace ! Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;

¹⁰ —o'er a COUNSELLOR'S nose,] So the Corr. fol. 1632 : we have already had the "courtier's knees": the "suit" was a *law-suit*.

And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves ;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.¹

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
away ? he shift a trencher ! he scrape a trencher !

Second Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or
two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cupboard,² look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece

¹ Strike, drum.] Here the old copies add : "They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with their napkins." This stage-direction shows that, in the simplicity of our old stage, the scene was supposed to be immediately changed to the hall of Capulet's house.

² —remove the COURT-CUPBOARD,] *i. e.*, A *sideboard* or *buffet* for the display of plate, etc.

of marchpane;³ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

Second Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

First Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

Second Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*Servants retire.*]

Enter CAPULET, *his* Lady, JULIET, TYBALT, *etc.*, *with the*
Guests *and* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:
Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now?—
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

³ —a piece of MARCHPANE;] *Marchpane* is probably the same that we now call *macaroon*.

Second Cap.

By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Second Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Servant. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you
so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you;⁴—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princ Cox; go:—

⁴ This trick may chance to SCATHE you;] *i. e.*, To do you injury:
scathe is also often used as the substantive. A.S. *scathan*.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!
I'll make you quiet; what!—Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [To JUL.]
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Ful. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Ful. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Ful. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd. [Kissing her.]

Ful. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again. [Kissing her again.]

Ful. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear: the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and the Nurse.*]

Ful. Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Ful. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Ful. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Ful. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

[*The Nurse goes, and returns.*]

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Ful. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Ful. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet!*]

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir :
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere :
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open place adjoining Capulet's walled Orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the wall, and, leaping down, exit.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer.

He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer.

Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—*Ah me!* pronounce but—*love* and *dove*;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.⁵—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spite. My invocation

⁵ —lov'd the beggar-maid.—] For this ballad, see Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i, p. 166; edit. 1765 *Adam* is *Abraham* in the folios.

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night :
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
O Romeo ! that she were, O ! that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear !
Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truckle-bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Within Capulet's Orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[JULIET appears above, at a window.]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she :
Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but white and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
It is my lady ; O ! it is my love :
O, that she knew she were !—

She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold ; 'tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp : her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

Ful.

Ah me !

Rom.

She speaks :

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,⁵
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Ful. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name ;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

⁵ —lazy-PASSING clouds,] Some of the old copies read "lazy-*pacing* clouds"; others "lazy-*puffing*", the early printer having misread the double *s* as double *f*: the clouds that passed lazily through the air. The Corr. folio 1632 has, rightly we think, "lazy-*passing*."

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Ful. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word. [To her.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Ful. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee :
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Ful. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Ful. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me.⁶

Ful. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Ful. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Ful. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure far such merchandise.

Ful. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—*Ay* ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo !

⁶ —are no LET to me.] *i.e.*, No *stop*. The writers of Shakespeare's time, and long afterwards, used *let* for *hindrance* : see *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv, sc. I, p. 46, etc.

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion : therefore, pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Ful. O ! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Ful. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Ful. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say—*it lightens*. Sweet, good-night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Ful. By and by ; I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Ful. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit above.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Ful. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle back again !⁷
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Ful. Romeo !

Rom. My dear !

Ful. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Ful. I will not fail : 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

⁷ —TERCEL-GENTLE] The *tercel* is the male of the *gosshawk* : see *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 62, where the *falcon* and the *tercel* are distinguished.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone ;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *[Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness⁸ like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :

⁸ And FLECKED darkness—] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled. The word is older than the time of Chaucer ; and we still use *flaked*.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb ;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find :
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O ! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities ;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri.

Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbusied youth,⁹ with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature :
Or if not so, then, here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wert thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been,
then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded : both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo !
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

⁹ But where UNBUSIED youth,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for *unbruised* of the early impressions.

By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo ! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence, then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O ! she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me ;

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O ! let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow : they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's : I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo ! he is already dead ; stabbed
with a white wench's black eye ; run through the ear with
a love-song ; the very pin¹ of his heart cleft with the
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ; and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt ?

¹ —the very PIN] The *pin* was the peg by which the white mark,
at which archers shot, seems to have been fastened : see *Love's*
Labour's Lost, act iv, sc. i, p. 45.

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,² I can tell you. O! he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why! is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO, behind.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French

² More than prince of cats,] Tybalt or Tibert was the name of a cat; and the cat in the venerable allegory of "Reynard the Fox" was so called.

salutation to your French slop.³ You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip:⁴ can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to courtesy?

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower?

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy

³ —French SLOP.] *Slops* were loose breeches or trousers: see *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 47.

⁴ The SLIP, sir, the SLIP:] In Shakespeare's time a small counterfeit piece of money was distinguished by the name of a *slip*.

wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;⁵ it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheverel,⁶ that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—*broad*; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

⁵ —a very bitter SWEETING;] A bitter *sweeting*, was a kind of apple of that name.

⁶ —a wit of CHEVEREL,] *Cheverel* was *kid-skin*, easily stretched: see *King Henry VIII*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 46, etc.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—for himself to mar, quoth'a ?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea ! is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[Singing as he walks by them.]

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,
 Is very good meat in Lent :
 But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,
 When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, *Lady, lady, lady.*⁷

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO singing, and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell !—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates.⁸—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave !—Pray, you, sir, a word ;

⁷ —LADY, LADY, LADY.] A popular tune : see also *Twelfth Night*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 33. The preceding quotation is not known.

⁸ —I am none of his SKAINS-MATES.] Possibly, *skains-mates* means knife-companions, or wild cut-throat associates, from *skain* or *skene*, a knife or short dagger.

and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out ; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very wicked dealing.⁹

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart ! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon ;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say you shall. [*She takes it.*

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell !—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.
Farewell !—Commend me to thy mistress.

⁹ —very WICKED dealing.] The Corr. fol. 1632 here properly substitutes *wicked* for *weak* of the 4tos. and folios.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O!—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay
knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad,
a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell
her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a
letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for
thee? no: I know it begins with some other letter; and
she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary,
that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving black shadows over lowering hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many seem¹ as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God ! she comes.—O honey nurse ! what news ?
Hast thou met with him ?—Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit PETER.]*

Ful. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord ! why look'st thou
sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—

Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Ful. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste ! can you not stay awhile ?

Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Ful. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

¹ —many SEEM.] In the old copies *seem* is misprinted *fain*.

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied; is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench: serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Ful. No, no; but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Ful. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—where is your mother?

Ful. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse.

O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Ful. Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Ful. I have.

Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news.¹
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Ful. Hie to high fortune! honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's *Cell*.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

¹ —STRAIGHTWAY at MY news.] This is the reading of the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*straight at any news*" of the old printed editions; with other minor improvements of the text.

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die : like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O ! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet ! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air ; and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack, in thy mood, as any in Italy ; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair

less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, and other CAPULETS.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds! consort?

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men :
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze :
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting :—villain am I none ;
Therefore, farewell : I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore, turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away.— [Drawing.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine
lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall

use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your *passado*. [They fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—gentlemen, for shame!

Forbear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying

In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt* TYBALT and his Partisans.]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit* Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world;—a plague o' both your houses!—Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me :
I have it, and soundly too :—your houses !

[*Exit MERCUTIO, led by BENVOLIO.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin :—O sweet Juliet !
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate.
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo ! brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend ;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !

Re-enter TYBALT.

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company :
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away ! begone !

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :— [Noise without.
Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.—Hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool.

Ben.

Why dost thou stay ?

[Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, Officers, etc.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio ?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Officer.

Up, sir.—Go with me ;

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended ; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and Others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince ! I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Cap. Tybalt, my cousin !—O my brother's child !
O prince ! O cousin ! husband ! O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay :
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was ;² and urg'd withal

² How NICE the quarrel was ;] How *trifling*, how *slight* ; as frequently before : see especially *King Richard III.*, act iii, sc. 7, p. 87.

Your high displeasure :—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and swifter than his tongue
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning ; for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die,

Lady Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague ;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give :
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses ;
Therefore, use none : let Romeo hence in haste ;
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

Ful. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That enemies' eyes may wink,³ and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen !—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties ; or if love be blind,

³ That ENEMIES' eyes may wink,] It is absurdly misprinted "*runn-awaye's* eyes" in the old copies, but amended to our text in the Corr. fol. 1632 : Juliet wished for night, that the eyes of *enemies* might make no discovery : "*enemies*" was then not unfrequently spelt *ennemyes* ; and the old compositor's eye might easily mistake one word for the other. This emendation removes a great stumbling-block.

It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,⁴
With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night ;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it ; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O ! here comes my nurse.
And she brings news : and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

*Enter Nurse, with a ladder of cords.*⁵

⁴ Hood my UNMANN'D blood, BATING in my cheeks,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating*, is fluttering with the wings, as if striving to escape and fly away.

⁵ *Enter Nurse, with cords.*] The stage-direction in the 4to. (the earliest) 1597, is this:—"Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap."

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throwing them down.*]

Ful. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Ful. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Ful. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,⁶

And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*:

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not—*No*:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood;—I swoounded at the sight.

⁶ —say thou but *I*,] The affirmative *ay* was, in Shakespeare's time, almost invariably spelt with a capital *I*; and "that bare vowel" it is obviously necessary to retain here.

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Ful. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin?

Ful. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's dead,*
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation⁷ might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-word following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished!*
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall be
spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords ; come, nurse : I'll to my wedding bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber ; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :
I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

⁷ Which MODERN lamentation] *i. e.*, *Common, ordinary* lamentation. Shakespeare frequently uses the word in this sense : see *As you like it*, act ii, sc. 7, p. 43. *Immodern* was also used.

Ful. O, find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, and ROMEO, following.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man :
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—*death* ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say—*banishment*.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
The world's exile is death :—then, banished
Is death mis-term'd : calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !

Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her ;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly :
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?^s
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But *banished*, to kill me ;—*banished* ?
O friar ! the damned use that word in hell ;
Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—*banished* ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O ! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;

^s And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?] After this line in the 4tos. three lines, of precisely the same import and in nearly the same words, are repeated ; it seems to have been a mere over-sight by the old careless compositor.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet *banished*?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking heard.*]

Fri. Arise ; one knocks : good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,
arise ;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up ; [*Knocking.*]
Run to my study.—By and by :—God's will !

What simpleness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [*Without.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand :

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome, then.

[*Unbolting.*]

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground; with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case.

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man;
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse! [*Starting up.*

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,⁹
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps:
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,

⁹ —an OLD murderer,] *Old* was then often used as an augmentative.

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing a dagger.*¹

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art!
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

¹ *Drawing a dagger.*] In 4to. 1597, the stage-direction is: "He offers to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away."

What! rouse thee, man : thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her ;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord ! I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence. Good night ; and here stands all your state :—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee :
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late ; she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

Lady Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! 'tis so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*¹

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

¹ *Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*] This scene must have taken place in the balcony at the back of the old stage: the direction in the folio is, "*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*"

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Ful. Yon light is not day-light ; I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore, stay yet ; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay, than will to go :—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk ; it is not day.

Ful. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes ;
O ! now I would they had chang'd voices too,

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our
woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descending.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity [*Below.*
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady Cap. [Within.] Ho! daughter, are you up?

Ful. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Ful. Madam, I am not well.

Lady Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Ful. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Ful. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Ful. What villain, madam?

Lady Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Ful. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Cap. That is, because the traitor-murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands :
Would none but I might 'venge my cousin's death !

Lady Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :
Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company ;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet.—O ! how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

Lady Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

Lady Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

Lady Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church

Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Ful. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.

Lady Cap. These are news, indeed !²
Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now ! a conduit, girl ? what ! still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife !
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

² These are news indeed !] The old lady is surprised by her daughter's answer, and the Corr. fol. 1632 assigns these words to her : they can hardly belong to Juliet.

Lady Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and I thank you,—and I thank you not,—
And yet not proud;—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

Lady Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. [*Kneeling.*]

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.

Out on her, hilding !³

[*She rises.*

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence : smatter with your gossips ; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O ! God ye good den.⁴

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

Lady Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd ; and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you ;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to 't, think on 't ; I do not use to jest.

³ Out on her, HILDING !] For an explanation of *hilding*, see *The Taming of the Shrew*, act ii, sc. I, p. 36.

⁴ O ! God ye good den.] *i.e.*, God give you good *even* or *day* : sometimes confounded, because *even* began then immediately after *noon*.

Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
Trust to't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack ! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O ! he's a lovely gentleman ;
Romeo's a dishclout to him : an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence and you no use of him.⁵

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in : and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most cursed fiend !
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with, above compare,
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

⁵ As living HENCE and you no use of him.] It is "as living *here*" in the old copies, but several modern editors have properly substituted *hence*—an easy misprint. Lower down some of the old editions have "*wicked* fiend"; but "*cursed* fiend" is more forcible, and the 4to. 1597 so reads.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.⁶*Fri.* You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife !*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

⁶ —nothing SLOW to SLACK his haste.] The 4to. 1597, reads, "And I am nothing *slack* to *slow* his haste." The sense is obvious.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Ful. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Ful. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Ful. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Ful. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Ful. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Ful. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spoke it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Ful. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion !—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :

Till then, adieu ; and keep this holy kiss. [Exit PARIS.]

Ful. O ! shut the door ; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet ! I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter !—I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O ! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;⁷
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble ;
And I will do it, without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then : go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

⁷ —chain me with roaring bears ;] The 4to. 1597, here reads :—

“Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions are.”

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave :⁵
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O ! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone : be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—[*Exit Ser.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Second Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try if
they can lick their fingers.

⁵ Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave :] This line reads tautologically, but we dare not omit it.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

Second Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers : therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry
look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong ! where have you been
gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, [Kneeling.]

And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you :

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county : go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

[Rising.]

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well,—stand up :

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county :

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-mor-
row. [Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.]

Lady Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her:
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare up him
Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Lady Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Must I of force be married to the county ?
No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort :—
Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—
O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?—
O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
Romeo, I come ! This do I drink to thee.
[*Drinking, and throwing herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.—Capulet's *Hall*.

Enter Lady CAPULET, *and* Nurse.

Lady Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* Lady CAPULET and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* First Serv.]—Sirrah,
fetch drier logs:
Call Peter; he will show thee where they are.

Second Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*]
For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—
Nurse!—Wife!—what ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up :
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already ;
Make haste, I say. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber ; Juliet on the Bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—fast, I warrant her, she :—

Why, lamb !—why, lady !—fie, you slug-a-bed !—
Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweetheart !—why, bride !—
What ! not a word ?—you take your pennyworths now :
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,⁶
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam !
Ay, let the county take you in your bed :
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be ?
What, drest ! and in your clothes ! and down again !
I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady, lady ! *[Touching her.*
Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—
Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho !—my lord ! my lady !

⁶ —SET UP HIS REST,] A common figurative expression, derived from the mode of firing the heavy arquebus, by placing the barrel upon a rest, or support, set up in front of the soldier. We have had it already in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 29.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!— [*Embracing her.*
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth: her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

Lady Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's
dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son! the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe, O woful, woful, woful day,
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou? dead!—alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! For shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced ;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?
O ! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church ;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
And go, sir Paris :—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,
and Friar, casting rosemary on JULIET.]

First Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah ! put up, put up ; for
well you know this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! *Heart's ease, Heart's ease:*
O! an you will have me live, play *Heart's ease*.

First Mus. Why *Heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians! because my heart⁷ itself plays *My heart is full of woe*.⁷ O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Second Mus. Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.⁸

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

First Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

Second Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

⁷ *My heart is full of woe*:] This and *Heart's ease* were the names of popular tunes of the time.

⁸ —but the GLEEK: I will give you the MINSTREL.] *Gleek* is a *jeer* or *scoff*; and Peter, of course, means that he will *scoff* the musi-

Why *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Second Mus. I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty, too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer; I will say for you. It is *music with her silver sound*, because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.¹

[*Exit, singing*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same.

Second Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

cians by calling them *minstrels*. See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii, sc. 1, p. 37. The quotation on the previous page is from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576, and several times reprinted, where the poem cited is ascribed to Richard Edwards.

¹ —doth lend redress.] See also *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. It is not, we think, known by whom the old music to the poem was composed: probably by Edwards himself, who was a celebrated musician.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering death of sleep,²
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came, and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar,
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

² —the flattering DEATH of sleep,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for
“flattering eye”, and “flattering truth”, of the old copies.

And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses: I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.

[Offering a purse.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
[*Giving the purse.*

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother ! ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,³ but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard: in it a large Monument
belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;

³ The letter was not NICE,] *i. e.*, Of trifling importance, as frequently before: it sometimes means *squeamish*; but its supposed connection with "nesh", *soft*, may be doubted: *nesh* does not occur in Shakespeare.

So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stay alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure. [*Retiring.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans ;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep !

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite ?
What ! with a torch ?—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retiring.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter : early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face ;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone :
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild ;
More fierce and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou
that : [Giving money.]

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here about :
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retiring.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.— [Advancing.]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence and leave me :—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then, have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. O ! I am slain. [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face :—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris !—

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode ? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet :

Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so ?—O give me thy hand, [*Taking it.*]

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave ? O, no ! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet ; and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,

Have they been merry ; which their keepers call

A lightning before death : O ! how may I

Call this a lightning? O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of unauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O! you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*—O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE,
with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;
O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!— [*Advancing.*]
Alack! alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Entering the monument.*]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

[JULIET wakes.

Ful. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise without.*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer
stay. [*Exit.*

Ful. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—

O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kissing him.*

Thy lips are warm!

First Watch. [*Without.*] Lead, boy: which way?

Ful. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O, happy dagger!

[*Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.*

This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself*] there rest,⁴ and let me
die. [*Falls and dies.*

⁴ —there REST,] So the 4to. 1597, and the Corr. fol. 1632, amending "there rust" of later impressions.

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody : search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you ; whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—
And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search :—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Second Watch. Here's Romeo's man ; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

Lady Cap. O ! the people in the street cry—*Romeo*,⁵
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris* ; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm, and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven !—O, wife ! look how our daughter
bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Lady Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,

⁵ O ! the people in the street cry—*Romeo*,] So every old copy, folio and 4to. ; and on what authority do modern editors omit the interjection ? Nothing can be more natural than the use of it by the old lady Capulet in her alarm ; and Shakespeare probably preferred it to the mere formality of a ten-syllable verse. At all events the omission of what is so characteristic ought to have been noted.

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night :
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outcry⁶ for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doom's-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

⁶ Seal up the mouth of OUTCRY] *Outrage* in the old copies, which it has been attempted to justify by similar misprints : *outcry* is from the Corr. fol. 1632. See also "open outcry" on the preceding page.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To county Paris: then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
But, when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.— [*Reading.*]
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more ;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,⁷
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A gloomy peace⁸ this morning with it brings ;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ For I will raise her STATUE in pure gold,] Here, as in *The Winter's Tale*, act v, sc. 3, p. 118, and elsewhere, *statue* is to be pronounced as a dissyllable : in *Richard III*, and in *Julius Cæsar*, it is used as a trisyllable : the convenience of the line seems to have dictated the pronunciation.

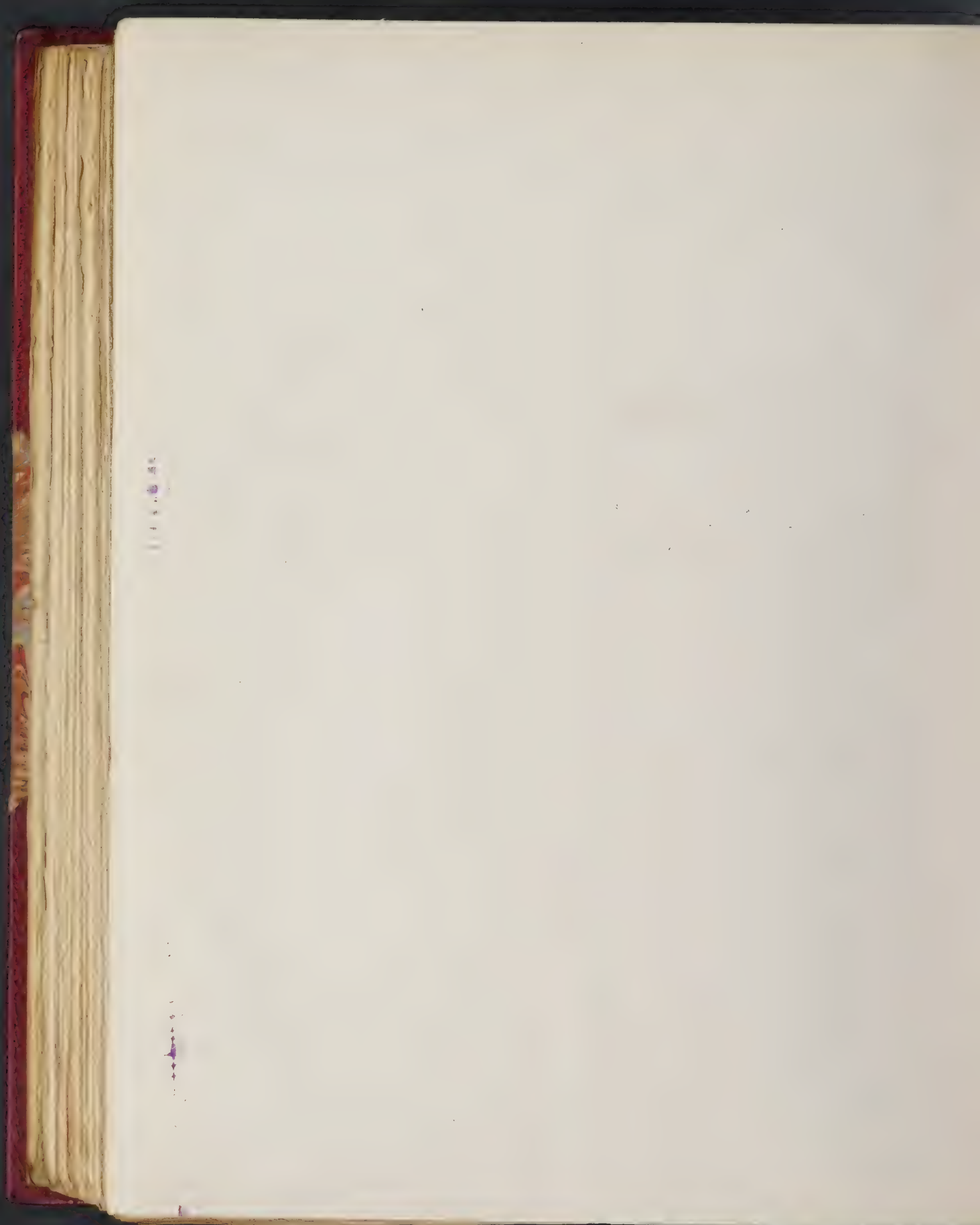
⁸ A GLOOMY peace] The 4to. 1599 first substituted *glooming* for *gloomy*, of the 4to. 1597 : it is also *glooming* in all the folios.



Troilus & Cressida.

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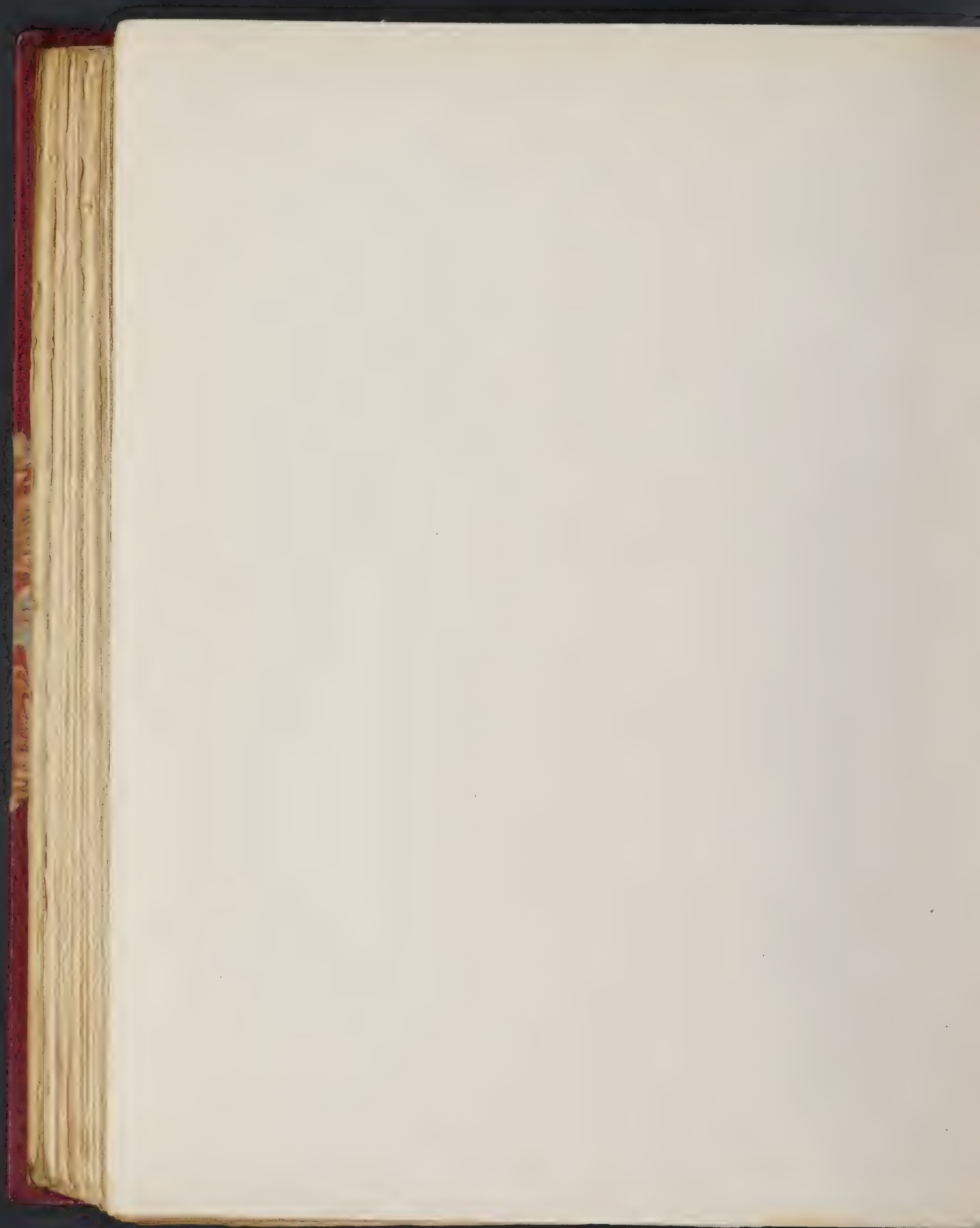
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Coriolanus.

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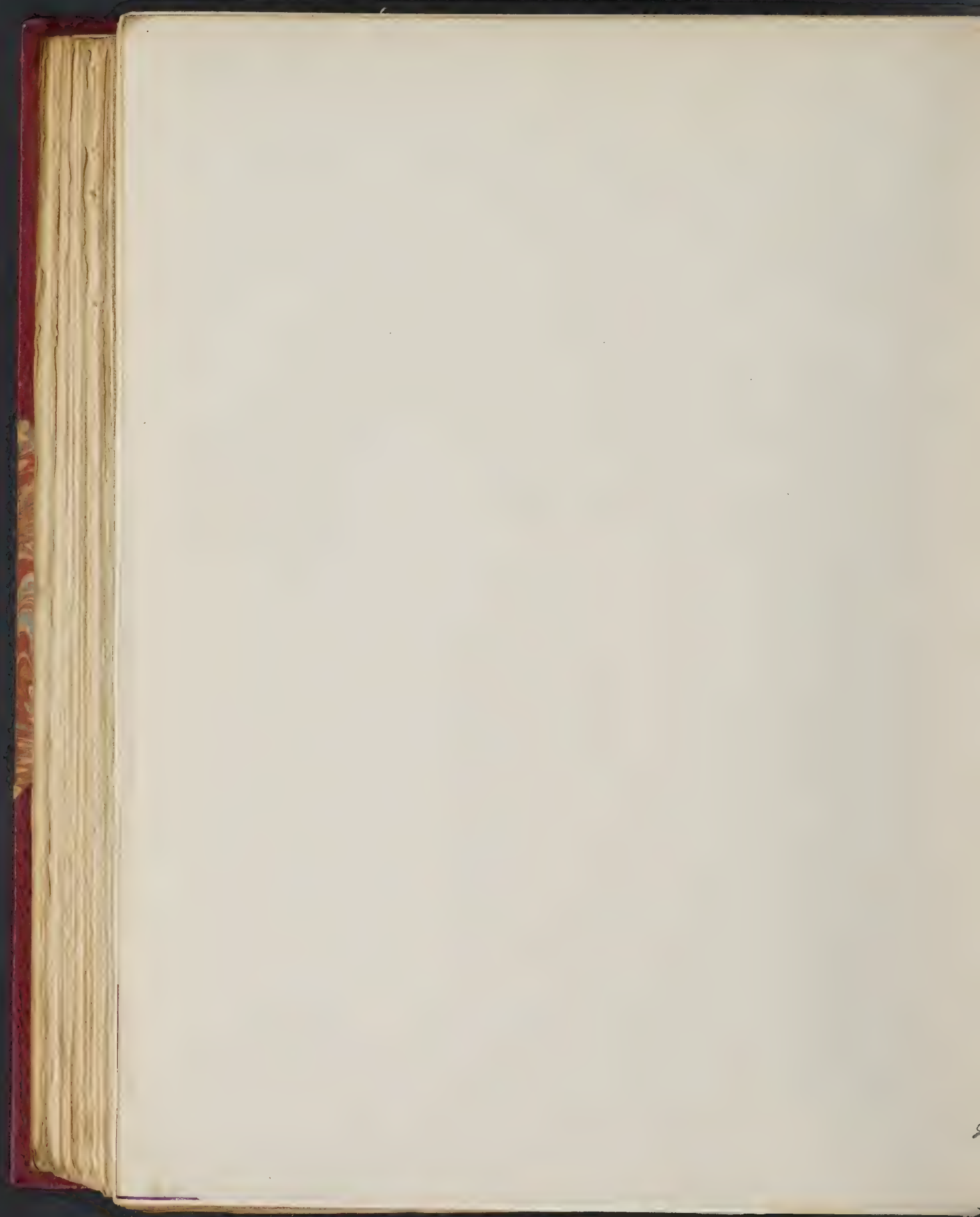
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Romeo and Juliet.

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